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TOP-KNOT

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TOP-KNOT

THE COLUMBUS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Four

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(Elected by a Senior and a Faculty Committee)

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DEDICATION

To Harriet Sheldon Sheldon, Dean of the Columbus School for Girls, this Top-Knot of 1924 is respectfully dedicated.

FACULTY

Miss Alice Gladden
Mrs. Charles F. W. McClure

Miss Virginia Aldrich
Miss Ella Bone
Miss Marion Bradley
Mrs. Helen Gager Brown
Miss Madeline Buzzell
Mrs. Helen H. Campbell
Miss Martha W. Carey
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Miss Frances Southard
Mrs. F. A. Stafford
Mlle. Helen Tayler
Miss Katherine Taylor
Miss Eleanor Thomas
Mrs. F. B. Warwick
Mrs. Helen West
Miss Maude West
Miss Margaret Williams
Miss Margaret Woodbury

TEAMS

THE TEAMS

LAST year by the drawing of lots the girls of the upper school became members of either the Gold Team or the Red Team. This year, however, in order that class spirit might not be sacrificed to team spirit, it was voted that the sister classes should be members of the same teams. The sevenths, the freshmen and the juniors are the Gold Team. The eighths, the sophomores and the seniors are the Red Team. This arrangement has proved to be very successful. The two teams compete in every possible way, in hockey and basket ball, in attendance, and in scholarship, and are given a certain number of points for accomplishment. Three times during the school year the total of these points is added, and a cup is given to the team which has the higher number of points. The first presentation of the cup was at the Christmas Dinner. The Reds won the cup, much to the dismay and disappointment of the Golds. At the Open Lesson the Reds won again. There is left only one more opportunity for the Golds to win the much sought-after trophy, which will be presented for the last time this year in June.

EVOLUTION

A Freshman knows naught and knows not that she knows naught.
A Sophomore knows naught and knows that she knows naught.
A Junior knows but knows not that she knows.
A Senior knows and knows that she knows.

RED-GOLD TOURNAMENT

The Red-Gold tournament was played at the beginning of the second semester in the gymnasium of the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church. The two teams were made up of the girls who are on the junior and senior teams.

Throughout the first half of the game, the Reds managed to keep their score two points ahead of the Golds. The Golds played better in the second half and were ahead for a short time, but the Reds did not let them lead for very long. By the end of the game the score was nineteen to ten in favor of the Reds. However, since the losing team had the larger number of rooters present, they won the points for attendance.

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

On November the fourteenth, the first hockey tournament ever held at the School was played by the Red and Gold teams. With Miss Miller as coach, the girls had acquired a fairly high degree of proficiency in a very short time. The game was a great success. The score was four to one in favor of the Reds.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

If Miss Carey should get angry at Marg Gumble?
If the senior team couldn't play basket ball?
If Virginia Shedd were a less "serious-minded young lady"?
If someone should speak crossly to Ann Lindenberg?
If Frances Romer couldn't talk?
If Dot Jones lost her baby stare?
If Louise Yeazell ever got noisy?
If Anne Kilbourne missed seeing Joseph Schildkraut?
If Verona Harman should ever blush?
If Lillian Pharis got excited?
If K. Goodman couldn't laugh?
If Elene Basch didn't have enough credits to be graduated?
If the teachers never gave us any lessons?

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

ON Saturday evening following Hallowe'en, the faculty gave a Hallowe'en party for the upper school. The girls all came dressed as sailors or sailor lassies. After the usual handshakes with the reception committee, we went into two lower school rooms, where, thanks to Miss Taylor, who "tapped the keys" for our benefit, we had a few dances. We then adjourned to Bryden Hall, where the teachers presented a delightful one-act play called *The Exchange.* The cast included Miss Aldrich, Miss Cary, Miss Cavers, Miss Holland, and Miss Williams, all of whom proved themselves most splendid in the acting line. Miss Cavers made a special hit in her overalls. After the performance, Miss Roberts gave some impersonations which set the audience into convulsions. All the teachers then went up on the stage and sang some clever verses to the tune of "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean." At this time, Miss Williams dropped her usual dignity, and stood in front playing a mock banjo. There followed a general rush for the kitchen, where Miss Hey stood in readiness with cider, doughnuts, and popcorn balls. After we had partaken freely of these delicious refreshments, we went upstairs again for the remaining dances. "A good time was had by all."

HARRIET FREEMAN, 1925

POETS' WAYS

How often have poets written on the moonlight
And told about the autumn's brilliant hues,
Have painted bright the fleecy clouds of summer,
And its sky, in melting grays and blues.

Oh, poets love to tell about the springtime,
And picture rippling wavelets on the lake,
To glorify in perfect rhyme and rhythm
The shadows that the setting sun doth make.

But poets do not write about spring fever,
Nor the quarts one swallows swimming in the lake;
No poet paints the scorching heat of summer,
Or the freckles that the shining sun doth make.

JEAN MCCAMPBELL, 1924

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

AS this has been the "Washington Year" at the School, it was altogether fitting that the spirit of Washington should prevail at the annual Christmas Dinner, given by Miss Gladden and Mrs. McClure on the twentieth of December.

When we, attired in our white frocks, entered the hall with its long tables decorated in green and white, we each experienced a thrill of pleasure. Before sitting down we sang Miss Gladden's beautiful song of praise. Beside our places, we found tiny folders, Christmas greetings from Miss Gladden and Mrs. McClure, which, on closer examination, proved to be George Washington's fifty-seven rules for good behavior. Among them, we discovered quite a number which we might profitably apply.

During the different courses the several sides of Washington's life were charmingly presented. Mary Keim spoke on *Washington and the Ladies*, Mary Jeffrey on *Washington at Valley Forge*, and Anne Kilbourne on *Washington's Latter Days*. The Reverend Irving Maurer gave an interesting talk on Washington and the Constitution.

The Senior Class, the basket ball champions for the year, were presented with the basket ball cup and the various members of the victorious team were given their C. S. G numerals. Amid much excitement the team cup was awarded to the Red Team for having more points than the Gold Team. At frequent intervals lively toasts were led by Mr. Hoenig.

On our descent to the downstairs, the Merry Roundelay Club, the music club of the School, entertained us with a program of Christmas tableaux. We then proceeded to dance the old fashioned dances, followed by ball-room dancing. Before it seemed possible, it was time to leave. After a brief exchange of Christmas good wishes, we departed. The Christmas Dinner of 1923 was but another of the pleasant memories of school life, which we will always cherish.

ELIZABETH S. PERRY, 1924

Jane (translating *Ovid* under difficulties): The following morning . . . er . . . the following morning . . . hu, oh let's see now . . . the following morning . . .

Flippant voice from the back row: It's about three days later by this time.

SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB

WINSOME WIGS

OFFICERS

President.....Jean McCampbell
Vice-President and Treasurer.....Virginia Pletcher
Secretary.....Elizabeth Landacre

OTHER MEMBERS

Isabel Stafford
Jeanne Phillips
Mary Keim
Frances Romer
Gertrude McPherson
Dorothy Levy
Marion Howe
Isabel Smith
Virginia Lee Comer
Elise Hoster
Elizabeth Rasor
Mary Jeffrey
Joan Holcomb
Dorothy Gray
Gail De Hart
Florence Parker
Marcia Scott
Margaret Bobb

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. McClure

Miss Hatheway
Miss Holland

Lines, properties, and, in rare cases, costumes, were arranged, and on Saturday morning, before an austere, if somewhat small group of Dramatic Club members, thirty girls tried out. Of this number, six were admitted. Their pins were presented to them at a tea-dance given in their honor. A cruel and unusual ceremony of initiation was threatened, but so far the blow has not descended.

Next came more try-outs! This time, they were for *Midsummer Night's Dream,* which was coached by Mr. King. The casts were chosen and rehearsals were begun to the tune of Mr. King's instructions that had been sent ahead. Bottom had to learn to cross to the right upper entrance on the line, "a lion among ladies is a most awful thing"; and Snug and Snout had to learn to scream in a manly fashion. At last the big week arrived. We became reasonably familiar with the play after practising it for three or four hours a day; and we presented it at the Elks' Home on February 9, 1924. Fairies danced airily over the forest green. In the moonlight, Pyramus and Thisbe whispered through a chink in the wall. The last mournful strains died away over the still, lifeless forms of the hero and heroine. Curtain.

Town Life, a city publication, reported our production as "quite amazing." 'Nuf sed.

THE MERRY ROUNDELAY CLUB

AT the beginning of the school year in 1923, Mrs. Gaines's school voice-pupils, and three girls who are not in the school, felt that we needed a club of some sort. We knew that this would bring us all together in a comradely way, and we also felt that we would overcome our timidity, in singing before our friends. We decided to hold our meetings every Sunday afternoon in Parsons Place. After elections were held, Julia Tuller became our president, and Lucile Winegarner was elected secretary and treasurer. When we had decided on the name *The Merry Roundelay Club*, pins were bought. Miss Cavers was very kind and considerate, and helped us in every possible way in our rehearsals at the School.

We had no sooner sprung into existence, than we were asked to sing at many places. Several programs of carols were sung. It will be remembered that at the Christmas dinner, a program of tableaux and carols was given, and on the twelfth of April, 1924, a program of costume songs and the operetta *Pinafore* were given in the ball-room of the Deshler Hotel. The School has given the Club its loyal support, and in the future we hope to be an inspiration in both work and pleasure to music pupils of the School.

AUDREY SWEET

THE FANATIC

The other night I saw a lovely star
From its accustomed orbit break away,
And seek new glory in the realms afar,
Though it, perchance, might do more good to stay.
Down through the heavens it coursed with rapid grace,
And sank into th' oblivion of the night.
Its life was o'er. The brilliance of its face
Was lost forever unto human sight.
Bright creature, wherefore wert thou not content
As guard upon thy humble task to stand?
Why didst thou leave thy only glory spent,
And thy true work undone? Thus do demand
Fanatics, who with vision all awry
Seek more to do, and let the present slip by.

ANNE KILBOURNE, 1924

DANCING

THE OUTDOOR PLAY

THE play for this year gives promise of being one of the best ever produced in the School. It will be the most essentially our own, because the story was adapted from an Arabian Night's tale by Mrs. McClure, and the music was written especially for us by Mr. Ernest Carter of New York.

After a group of dances, the play will begin. The scene opens in front of a king's palace. The ruler has just died, and his attendants are emerging slowly and sadly from the palace. In the midst of their mourning, a bugle call announces the arrival of the young Prince, and the attendants quickly throw aside their dark veils, to greet the Prince. The young man is crowned king, and is adorned with royal robes. Then the vizier orders the prince's retinue to display the riches of the kingdom. First, captives, soldiers, and the populace pass in review, and maidens bearing fruits and garlands kneel before the Prince. Next, rare gems, costly tapestries, and grain are brought before the Prince, and last of all, a magic mirror. The mirror has the power to reflect the character of persons who look into it. If a person is pure in deed and thought the surface of the mirror will glow brightly; but if the person is unworthy, the mirror will not change. When the Prince has viewed his possessions, the vizier reads him a letter left by the King, in which a task is set for the Prince. Among the treasures of the kingdom are two priceless statues of whitest alabaster. A third statue is to be found to place with the others, and the Prince is to find the statue by the aid of the mirror. He must seek a maiden who is pure in deed and in thought to fill the empty pedestal. When the vizier has finished reading, heralds proclaim to the maidens of the kingdom the invitation to appear before the Prince and to test their characters in the magic mirror. First one maiden then

another comes before the Prince to charm him with her dancing. But as each gazes in the mirror no light shines to proclaim either the fortunate maiden. The Prince begins to feel that his task is a difficult one, and he is discouraged. He rouses himself to look at the gay dance of a gypsy band which has come up. Among the dancers he notices a beautiful maiden, Namba, and he draws her aside to talk with her. Despite her father's protests she dances the dance of the bell for the Prince. Then she gazes into the mirror, and a bright light gleams out. The Prince realizes, at once, that this is the maiden for whom he is seeking — and then comes the terrible thought that she must be turned into a statue. In their sudden love for each other the thought of separation is heart-rending. The Prince is stricken with grief; the maiden hardly understands the situation, and both are in despair. They must, however, yield to the inevitable, and the maiden is led away. The vizier comes to the sorrowing Prince and together they go to look at the statues. On the vacant pedestal stands a new figure. The Prince holds up the mirror, and it shines with a bright glow. As he stands in front of the statue, the figure, which is no other than Namba, steps down, throws aside her white mantle, and appears, a living maiden. The Prince and Namba, overjoyed, are blessed by the vizier, and they head a procession of joyous followers whose mourning is now changed to rejoicing.

THE CAST

The Vizier.....Frances Romer
His Attendant.....Anna Morris
The Prince.....Gail De Hart
His Jester.....Elizabeth Timberman
Captain of Soldiers.....Louise Weissenbach
The Statues.....Indiana McKee, Helen Wildermuth
The First Maiden.....Constance Smith
Her Attendants.....Mary Louise Hubbell, Adele Sweet, Katherine Carlile, Gwendolyn Miles
The Second Maiden.....Jean McCampbell
Her Attendants.....
Dolores Buck, Virginia Lee Comer, Florence Parker, Eleanor Thomas
Namba.....Margaret Gumble
Namba's Father.....Mary Keim
Leader of Gypsy Band.....Dorothy Jones

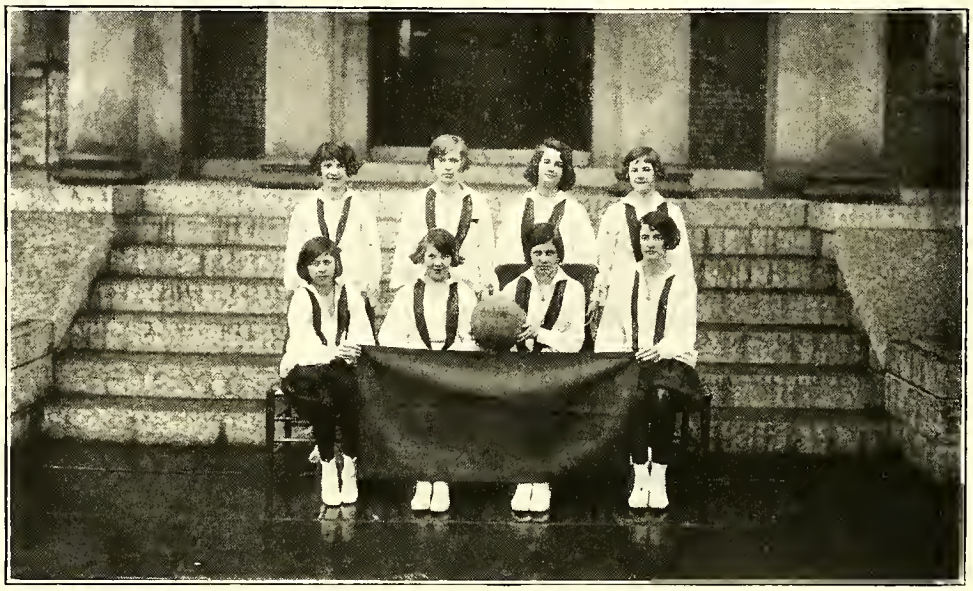
THE OPEN LESSON

Again the girls donned their regulation costume of the annual Gymnastic Open Lesson, which was held at the State School for the Blind on Tuesday, March eighteenth, at three o'clock. The order of events was as follows:

I	Wand Drill	Academic Forms
II	Singing Game	Forms I and II
III	Game	Form III
IV	Drill	Forms IV and V
V	Drill	Form VI
VI	Drill	Form VII
VII	Dumb Bell Drill	Form VIII
VIII	Indian Club Drill	Academic Forms
IX	Class Relay Race	Academic Forms
X	Marching Tactics	Academic Forms
XI	Mimetic Floor Drill	Academic Forms

The judges were: Miss Marion Elliott, Y. W. C. A.; Miss Esther Gillman, Ohio State University; Miss Marguerite Kellerman, Girls' Athletic Club.

Every girl, from the first form up, took part in some one event. There were four cups awarded, the three for which the classes were competing and the team cup. The first class cup was won by the fourth and fifth forms; the second, by the eighth form; and the team cup, by the Red Team. The sophomore and senior classes tied for the third class cup; but after they had repeated the Marching Tactics Drill, the cup was awarded to the senior class. After all the events were over, there was a school march followed by the awarding of the cups and the singing of the school song and the Star Spangled Banner. A large audience was present, made up of the parents of the girls and other friends of the School. The Open Lesson was a greater success this year than it has ever been before.



SEVENTH AND EIGHTH TOURNAMENT

On November 13, 1923, the VII-VIII form tournament was played. The VIII had the advantage over the VII because they were taller and stronger and had had more experience at the game. The most exciting times for the rooters were the ones when the ball got down to the end of the court. Then it was a question as to whether or not the forwards would be able to make a basket, and if they succeeded there was much yelling and cheering by the rooters for the successful team.

Both teams played very well and did the best that they could to win, but VIII form outplayed the VII. The game ended with a score of twenty-two to four in favor of the VIII form.

BETTY MILES

Ann: What are you doing?
Mary: Cutting my hair.
Ann: Mary! Not cutting it all *off?*
Mary (sarcastically): No, I'm cutting most of it *on.*

THE VIII AND IX BASKET BALL GAME

On November fourteenth, the VIII form played the IX form in a very exciting game of basket ball. Both teams played with spirit and accuracy. At the end of the second quarter, the eighths were a good deal ahead of the other team; but the ninths' score kept creeping up until, at the end, the score was twenty-five to twenty-three in favor of the ninths. A large and enthusiastic crowd cheered the teams.

AGNES SHEDD

WE USED TO THINK

That *Sohrab and Rustum* was Sir Robin Rustum.
That Freshmen were important.

Virginia: Don't you think Fanny Knox has got thinner since her operation?
Anne: Yes, don't you see how much farther down her middies come?

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR TOURNAMENT

The Sophomore-Senior tournament was played on November twentieth on the school court. After last year's defeat the sophomores had very little hope for victory. The first basket was made by the seniors, but the sophomores soon showed that they had learned their lesson and played a good game. The sophomore centers fought well against the seniors, but their forwards were outclassed. The seniors won.

CHEAP SENIOR WIT

Ruth Hyde sat in the sun too long the other day and became thoroughly tanned. Never fear, she's cured now.

We have a man in the Senior Class and a Goodman at that.

Also a Romer and a goodlooking one, too.

Is Caroline Simpler than the rest of the class?

A Gail was partly responsible for the junior basket ball defeat.

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR TOURNAMENT

WHEN the junior-freshman game began, everyone wondered how it would end. Would it be like the game between the juniors and the freshmen last year — seventy-eight to eight? We hoped not! But the teams were unevenly matched; the freshmen were small and had had little practice, and the juniors were exactly the opposite. The score in the end was thirty-seven to four in favor of the juniors. Mary Ann Rogers was substituted at the end of the first half as guard for the juniors, and the freshmen shifted most of their team.

Miss West: What do you use to combat ether?
Gertrude (brightly): A gas mask.

Shall we sit here and talk?
Oh, I'm so tired, let's dance.
—*Record.*

SENIOR-JUNIOR TOURNAMENT

On November twenty-second at three o'clock, the junior and senior basket ball teams came together and gave the onlookers and rooters a very close and exciting game. Throughout the first half of the game neither team was able to get ahead of the other. As soon as one team made a basket, the other team made one almost automatically. At the end of the first half the scores stood eight to eight. At the beginning of the second half the seniors started their score on the upward track and kept it going up, while the juniors, being well guarded, were not able to make any baskets until the very end. All through the last half of the game, every senior on the team showed what she could do for the rest of the team and the class. The guards on the senior team did very fine work in keeping the juniors from making any more than the one basket in the last half. To the disappointment of the juniors, the seniors won the game with a score of twenty-seven to ten.

Betty (laboriously translating Caesar): ———and three large vetinary armies were called out—.

Miss Daniels: Veteran armies, Betty — for pity sakes!

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON PARTY

THE George Washington Party was given on the twenty-first of February by Mrs. McClure and Miss Gladden. When we first came we went up to the drawing room, and said, "How-do-you-do," to the hostesses. Then we all formed a line and went down into Bryden Hall, and watched a play that was given by some of the V and VI form girls. Two of the third grade girls danced a minuet. Then some of the VI form-ers served ice cream and cakes.

After that, Mrs. Lovell took us all over the school and up onto the porch on the roof.

Some of the girls had on lovely Colonial costumes. When we came down from the porch Mrs. Lovell played the piano and we marched. Then the party was over and we went up to the drawing room to say, "Good-bye," to Mrs. McClure and Miss Gladden, but they were gone so we said, "Good-bye" to Mrs. Lovell.

Then those who had to wait stayed in the Children's Room until they were called for.

CHLOE WATSON, Form VI

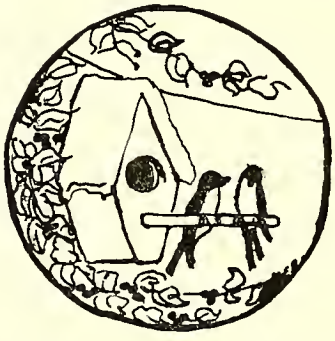
IN WINTER

In winter when the snow's on the ground,
The wind goes whistling round and round.
He makes the trees go bending down,
And blows the things about the town.

In winter when the snow's whirling down,
And piles up thick upon the ground,
And everything is white with snow,
Oh how I wish winter would never go!

Oh here's Jack Frost; I know he's here,
Because he bit my nose and ear.
The girls and boys slide down the hill,
And always bump and sometimes spill.

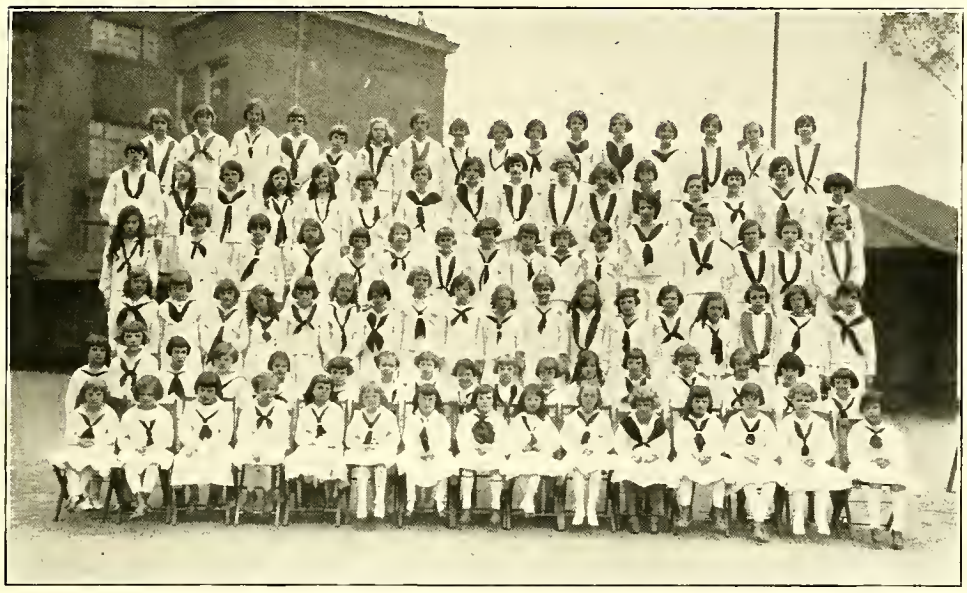
ANN LISLE, Form V



THE LITTLE ROBIN

Poor little robin, where shall he go?
He's out there in the cold, cold snow.
The wind is blowing very hard,
And he's cuddled up there like a little coward.

ANN LISLE, Form V



THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF SUGAR

THE sugar cane was out in the field one day, when along came a man and cut it down. There was one little grain that was very selfish, and he said that he wouldn't like to be eaten by little boys and girls. Not very long after that, he was in the crusher ready to be crushed. He said, "I won't stay in this awful place." Just then a big thing came down on him; it came again and again. He said, "Oh, what was that?" He heard some men outside say that they thought it had been crushed enough, that it should be separated.

After it was separated, it was put into a great big kettle to boil. It boiled and boiled until there was hardly anything left of it. Then it was rubbed by bones and made white. After all this had happened, it was put into sacks and sent away.

VIRGINIA STARK, Form V

I wish I were a buttercup,
A buttercup so yellow;
And then a cunning little elf,
A jolly little fellow.

ANN KINNEY, Form VI

I wish I were a bird
Or a little tiny elf.
But oh, my oh!
I have to be myself.

JEAN REEDER, Form IV

FAIRY LAND

ONCE there was a little girl who loved fairy stories and always had somebody to read them to her. One day when this little girl, Mary, was sitting in her room, wondering if there were such things as fairies and fairyland, suddenly she heard a little voice say, "Yes, there are such things as fairies and fairyland." Mary turned around and saw a little fairy standing on her chair. The little fairy said, "I've come to take you to fairyland." Before Mary could say a word, she found herself in a beautiful garden. There were fountains all around which tinkled and played in the sunlight. Mary looked around and pretty soon saw a beautiful palace of gold. Then the fairy said, "Would you like to see the Fairy Queen?" Mary said she would, and so the fairy led her up the steps into a beautiful hall which was hung with pictures. Then they came to the Throne Room, where Mary met the Fairy Queen, and then the fairy took her home.

ANN LISLE, Form V

WHY I LIKE FREE STUDY PERIOD

Free study period to me is a wonderful thing. You are busy, you study, you work, and you get much accomplished.

Another thing is, we would not like to disappoint our teachers; for it was the teachers who made it a success and spent much time getting it perfected for us, and it is the spirit of us that makes the teachers proud.

It used to be: "Grammar girls." "Oh! I need arithmetic so badly, I am ahead in grammar, but I must go." But it is different now. I may go to arithmetic or to whatever I need most.

It is not only the teachers who are proud of us, we are proud of ourselves. Who wouldn't be? It is business. We know what to do, and we do it. When we are coming to school we see the business men strutting to their offices; but we have beaten them. We can strut to our business too. It is hard to keep off the smile.

We may smile, too, at each other. So it is a friendly view also that we take. We may have fun, yet we need not bother others or ourselves. We can still work well.

It would take a very literary person to tell everything about the free study period, but I have told the things which impress me most.

ANNE RUMER, Form VI

THE MAGIC NECKLACE

THERE was once a very lovely princess. When she was christened, her mother, who was a queen, invited all the fairies. One of the fairies had given her a beautiful string of coral beads. Every time the princess wished for something and was wearing the beads, she would get her wish.

One day when she was eight years old, her father took her for a boat trip. She was leaning over the edge of the boat when, all at once, a fish flew up out of the water and snatched her beads. Then she began to cry. Her father came to see what was the matter, and when he saw that the beads were gone, he sent messengers around to find the beads.

Several years passed, and the beads were still gone. When the princess went to the seashore to play, a mermaid came up to her and asked her if she wanted to come into the ocean and play with her. The princess was very lonely, and so she went.

In the meantime the king was sending messengers all through the country offering a hundred pounds of gold for the wonderful coral beads.

The princess was playing with the little mermaid when a fish came up with the beads. He gave them to the little mermaid. The little mermaid gave them to the princess who had noticed that they were her beads. She then went home and lived happily ever after.

VIRGINIA STARK, Form V

THE YEAR

I

Spring is here;
Summer is near.
Fall and winter
Finish the year.

II

Spring is lovely;
Summer is sunny.
Fall and winter
Are very funny.

VIRGINIA SCHUELLER, Form V

A DAY DREAM

I saw a bird with a turquoise eye,
  A grey small bird with a velvet brow,
Who swung in a currant bush nearby,
  And stole the fruit from the linden bough.

The bright red fruit had blue-black leaves,
  Made blue-black by the silver day.
The bird sang a song to all of these;
  In the west there was rose in the fading grey.

The rosd was lost; the grey turned black,
  And the vast world in dim silence lay,
As if all things, pleased, their sounds held back
  As he sang, in August, his song of May.

He sang of the dim, warm, scented blue,
  The pale green haze, and the youngest bud,
The light soft rain, and the shining dew,
  The warmth of the gold-pink sunshine flood;

Of a sapphire sea with light brown sand,
  Of a bubbling spring in green new grass,
The wet, live perfume of fresh ploughed land,
  And the faint, gay blossoms of Ascension-mass.

The clear low song bubbling on and on
  Made the deep silence seem more stilled;
When it ended and the bird was gone,
  The rain-drops' tinkle the darkness filled.

JULIA NEWTON, 1924

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOOR

THE man struggled on with upturned coat collar and head bent low. The wind howled, and the rain beat down against the rocky ground with terrific force. The elements seemed to have broken loose. It was extremely difficult to keep to the road under such conditions. The moor was usually gloomy and threatening, but it was even more so, to-night. To the drenched figure pushing forward in the storm, the minutes dragged on interminably. At last through the darkness he could discern lights — possibly the lights of his destination, Northester Towers, which had been in the York family for generations.

Donald York had recently inherited the old castle at the sudden and unexpected death of his uncle, his only living relative. This was his first visit to the vicinity. He hoped and prayed at every step that the huge mass now looming up a short distance before him was the Towers, for his strength was deserting him.

A few steps more brought him to the entrance way of the castle. Two great stone posts and an iron gateway guarded it. On the gate, in great iron letters, was *Northester Towers.*

York gave a sigh of relief and pushed open the gate. At the same instant he seemed to be turned to stone. He stood still, unable to move. Above the turmoil of the storm he heard an unearthly cry. High and shrill it rose, piercing the air for miles, and finally dying into a horrible moaning. Closer and closer it came, creeping up behind him. With a terrified glance over his shoulder, York pushed open the gate and stumbled blindly in, shutting the great iron portals after him. Looking out over the moor, he beheld a flash of light, then darkness. Again and again the flash came, each time a little closer than before. Good heavens, it was nearly upon him! With a wild leap he ran up the tree-lined avenue to the door and beat frantically against its panels.

An astonished manservant opened the door and admitted him. Breathing heavily and soaked with rain, York leaned against the wall and stared dully around him. The puzzled gaze of the servant finally made him aware of his surroundings.

"I am Donald York, the new owner of the *Towers,*" explained York.

"Yes, sir."

"And you?" questioned York.

"I am Bassett, your late uncle's only servant," the man responded.

"Gad! And you stay here alone in this unearthly place!" exclaimed York.

"Certainly, sir; it has always been my home," returned Bassett. There was still a questioning look on his face. He was an old man and rather bent, and his kindly face radiated affection. York felt strongly inclined to confide in him.

"I have just had a strange and disagreeable experience out there," he said, and pointed out toward the darkness.

Bassett leaned forward tensely, and an inscrutable look came into his face.

"You — you heard it too?"

"Yes," exclaimed York eagerly, "what was it?"

Bassett relaxed a trifle and said, "I wish I knew. For years the same thing has happened on every stormy night. Men have tried to discover its origin, but in vain. Those who are bold enough to attempt it, never return. We have come to regard it as another one of those mysterious things which must remain unsolved."

"It surely is an ungodly sound, whatever it is," said York, and for the time dismissed the subject from his mind.

"But come, sir, I have had your room prepared ever since you wrote here two weeks ago. And your clothes are very wet, sir," he added.

"Oh, then someone did get my letter after all. I was afraid that there would be no one here to receive it."

Four days passed swiftly. The weather was still bad, but York did not seem to notice this condition, so busy was he in exploring the old castle. His uncle had been a man of eccentric tastes, and there was much to interest him. Only at night did he feel the lonesomeness around him. Each night he had been awakened by the sound of the terrible wailing out on the moor. And on the fourth night another sound had accompanied it — a sound as of someone in terrible agony. The thing was beginning to unnerve him.

That night, while seated alone at the dinner table in the immense dining room, York said, "Bassett, I wonder if you could provide me with a revolver and a searchlight to-night."

"Surely you won't be wanting these things to-night, sir," replied Bassett anxiously.

"Why, yes."

As if divining York's intentions, Bassett said in a low tone, "Don't do it, sir."

"But I must!" cried York. "This mysterious something is nearly driving me wild. I can't endure it any longer."

"You are not the first," murmured Bassett as if to himself.

Then to York, "But promise me, sir, to remain inside to-night," he said with almost fatherly concern. "Listen to the storm to-night. You couldn't live in it. The *thing* will be out again to-night. Don't go, sir," the old man begged York with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Oh, all right then," laughed York, "but I do wish you would tell me your reasons."

Bassett hesitated, but only for an instant. With forced determination he said, "It was just such a night as this three months ago. The moor was a regular sea of fury. Your uncle had been restless for several days, but that night he seemed to be possessed with some indescribable feeling. He sat at the table, staring straight before him, seeing nothing, not even aware of my presence. His food remained untouched. By and by he spoke and his voice was as one suddenly aroused from a deep sleep.

" 'Bassett', he said, 'fetch me a revolver and a light'.

" 'But, sir —' I began.

" 'Do as I say'.

"I brought him the articles and laid them before him.

" 'Thank you', he said, still in that same toneless voice, 'that is all'.

"I was loath to leave him alone, but he was not to be disobeyed. I left the room, but watched him from a corner outside the door.

"About a half hour later, that terrible cry began out there on the moor. Higher and higher it rose, reaching even the farthest corners of the room in which your uncle sat. He stood up, and, walking slowly as if drawn by a powerful magnet, went into the great hall,opened the door, and stepped out into the night. I waited until dawn for him to return, but he did not come."

Bassett faltered, then went on, "He never came back, sir. We searched the moor for hours and finally came upon him, miles from the *Towers*, face downward — dead! There was a knife wound in his heart."

York did not speak. The story seemed incredible, yet it certainly must be true.

Bassett turned anxious eyes on him. "So you see, sir," he said, "I have my reasons for wanting you to stay in."

"I see, Bassett," returned York, "thank you. I think I'll turn in now. Goodnight."

York could not sleep. He listened to the howling of the wind and to the melancholy patter of the rain. The story Bassett had told him lay uppermost in his mind. He had not heard the dreadful sound since its occurrence earlier in the evening. Suddenly out of the darkness it rose, higher, higher, and still higher, finally dying into a faint moaning. York leaped from bed, struggled into his clothes and ran downstairs. His promise to Bassett was forgotten in his determination to solve the mystery. Snatching a revolver from the gun case in the old library, and a searchlight from the desk, he opened the door of the hall and stepped out into the darkness.

The moaning could still be heard in the distance. York stumbled on through the wind and rain, oblivious to everything but the terrible sound. Suddenly, as if the *thing* sensed his approach, a shrill scream rent the air. York stopped dead in his tracks, standing as if turned to stone. Closer and closer came the sound. All at once, as if it had materialized out of thin air, York discerned a figure in front of him. He heard a maniacal laugh and felt a bony finger on his arm.

At the touch York awoke from his trance. Sensing his danger, he stepped quickly back. The *thing* rushed toward him shrieking, "I've got you! I've got you! You killed him in a storm like this, and now I'm going to kill you!"

Fully alert now, York realized that he still grasped the revolver in his hand. Holding it steady in front of him, he closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. Immediately he heard a slight moan, then all was still except for the whistling of the wind and the dash of the rain. Pulling his lamp from his pocket, York turned the rays upon the ground at his feet. There, in a heap, lay a hideous and emaciated creature, her coarse gray hair matted and unkempt, her clothing torn and old. In her long bony fingers she clutched a knife, keen as lightning, polished until it gleamed.

York stayed to see no more. Turning, he stumbled blindly across

the rocky plain. How he reached the castle he could not have told anyone, but at last he fell with a thud against the door. Bassett, terrified and trembling, half dragged, half carried him into the hall. When he saw that York was still alive, he exclaimed, "Glory be!"

With the morning came the full reality of the event of the night before. The storm had abated and the sun shone forth bright and clear. Even the barren moor looked calm. York had been pondering over the strange occurrences of last night. Surely there was something to explain then.

"Bassett," he exclaimed suddenly, "Can you remember if there was ever a murder committed in this vicinity? It must have happened a great many years ago."

"Why no, sir, unless —"

"Yes, yes, unless —" urged York.

"A great many years ago when I was a boy, a widow and her son lived about a mile from this castle. One night — I remember it distinctly, sir, it was just such a night as last night — the son went out onto the moor. During the course of the night he was murdered. No one knew why. The widow found his body the next morning. The shock unbalanced her mind. She vowed that she would find and kill his murderer if it took her all her life to do so. She was entirely demented, poor thing, and would wander on the moor all day, muttering to herself. Whenever she saw a man, she would glare threateningly at him, but she never did anything harmful. By and by she disappeared, and nothing was heard of her afterward. It is supposed that she fell into one of the swamps out there and was drowned."

"Well, Bassett," said York, "we will never hear the cry on the moor again."

"Why, what do you mean, sir?"

Then York related his experience of the night before.

"The woman probably froze her victims by her terrible wail, then killed them," he ended. "She probably thought that every man she met was the murderer of her son."

Bassett gave a cry of relief and incredulity.

York smiled, and said, "Strange, Bassett, but true, and the mystery of the moor is solved."

ELIZABETH SOUTHARD, 1924

THE ARRIVAL OF SIR FALDERING

In olden days, when maids were fair,
And errant knights were bold,
A lady stood on a balcony,
In a dress of 'broidered gold.

Her hair was streaming in the breeze;
Her hand did shade her brow;
She was watching for her errant knight;
He should have come ere now.

The sun was drooping in the west,
And birds had ceased to sing,
And still the lady waited there
For bold Sir Faldering.

At last she heard the sound of hoofs;
Her heart it quickened beat;
It surely must be Faldering
Whom she long'd so to greet.

In a cloud of dust the knight approached;
But oh! what had he there?
Behind him on his snow-white horse,
There rode a maiden fair.

Her dazzling beauty wondrous was;
Her hair was like spun gold;
And she was smiling merrily
At Faldering so bold.

The lady on the balcony
Did forthwith swoon away;
Attendants rushed from every side
With fans in glad array.

The knight came through the garden gate,
To the balcony did ride;
He doffed his plumed hat, and said,
"Mother, here's my bride."

MARGARET MCCONNELL, 1924

JUST TRY IT

Miss Holland: I want you to read *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* simultaneously.

JUST A BIT OF ROUGE

DOLORES, Lucy's pretty roommate, daubed a bit of brunette powder on her pink little nose, jammed a hat on her auburn shingle-bob, and rushed off to her eight o'clock class. Lucy glanced at her watch. It was two minutes of eight. Dolores would make it; she was like that. The other girl sighed wistfully. How she longed for some of Lorey's beauty and boldness. "People say we're as different as black and white," she thought sadly. "As far apart as soup and nuts in a dinner. Well, anyway, I'm the soup." This idea amused her somewhat as she thought that her last psychology paper had brought a B+ and a favorable comment from Mr. Chambers, while Lorey had received only a C—. Pretty cold comfort, though! Really, was it worth while? If you were pretty, and popular, and had plenty of dates — why, you were a success at college. These "brainy" people never seemed to get any place.

Suddenly, a great resolution fixed itself upon Lucy. In an entirely impersonal frame of mind, she took the mirror and went to the window. "What ails me? Wonder how I'd look with a marcel," she quizzed herself. "I'm not so awful looking," she added. "My nose is rather nice." Large tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles made her light blue eyes seem lighter and rather glassy. She was perfectly sure she'd have a terrible headache if she left them off; but then — worse things than that had been laid on Beauty's altar.

A series of rapid events followed. She came back from a trip to Lorey's dresser with black eyelashes, a smooth white skin, and slightly red lips. Lucy could not bring herself to use rouge on her cheeks. Somehow, it seemed wicked to make people believe you had rosy cheeks when you really hadn't — a sort of lie, you know. But after contemplating the matter, she decided that having gone as far as red lips, she might as well complete the color scheme by adding cheeks. Then, at a thought, her heart fell. To be popular you had to have a "line," and be able to say clever things when men joked with you. Lucy was absolutely tongue-tied in the presence of the other sex. But since there was no time to wash her face, she started off across the campus, forgetting her glasses. Two minutes to nine, great goodness! She'd spent all that time fooling, and it wouldn't do any good, anyway. Dropping her dignity, she dog-trotted along with the rest of the late-comers, and arrived at class just as her

name was being called. "Present," she gasped, stumbling to her seat. She could feel her face grow hot, as she walked those miles and miles to the back row. The young man next her permitted himself a low chuckle of amusement, and, to her own surprise, Lucy found herself smiling back quite amiably.

After class, Jack Hansley, at whom Lucy had smiled so good-humoredly, walked over to the library with her. With the confidence of rosy cheeks and black eyelashes, the girl talked easily of kings, cabbages, and sealing wax, and other things.

"Miss Wyckham," asked Hansley abruptly, (he had been discovering a few things) "going to be busy next Friday night? Our club's going to have a steak roast and picnic out at Glencove. Thought maybe you'd like to go."

"Why, I'd like to ever so much, in fact — yes — why — all right. What time?" stammered Lucy.

"I'm not sure, but, say, I'll call you up to-night. Will that be all right? You're at North Hall, aren't you?"

"Yes. Goodbye, Mr. H-H-Hansley."

"So long, Miss Wyckham."

Lucy departed, treading on air, and a queer feeling of unreality possessed her. Why, he even knew that she lived at North Hall! Would wonders never cease.

On Friday night, as Lucy sat at the dressing table, Dolores announced to her that she and some of the other girls were going down to a movie.

"Come along, Loose," said Dolores, affectionately.

"Sorry, Lorey," replied Lucy, daubing perfume behind her ear, "I have a date."

JEAN MCCAMPBELL, 1924

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh when troubles come,
Instead of being so sad and blue?
You'll never have peace as long as you live,
Unless when trapped, a laugh you give.

Why don't you laugh when troubles come,
Instead of sitting so sour and glum?
This isn't a world of all joy and play,
But to help make it so, laugh your troubles away.

RUTH HEER, 1924

TO BRYDEN HALL

Old England may boast of her mansions,
And Spain of her castles tall,
But how could one ever compare these
To beautiful Bryden Hall.

The ruins at Athens are wondrous;
Their structure each one can recall;
But their fame is far over-shadowed
By beautiful Bryden Hall.

This wreck of a noble construction
Will remain in the memory of all—
For who of the girls can forget it,
This beautiful Bryden Hall?

How often we've heard it repeated,
"This building will certainly fall
If you don't stop dancing at once girls."
Ah, beautiful Bryden Hall!

ELIZABETH PERRY, 1924

BURNED POTATOES

"IF my wife ever bobs her hair, I leave," Mr. John Delaney had declared. "Married women ought to be dignified." Mr. Delaney had not had his wife for many weeks, but already he had very set ideas about her. Mr. Delaney was twenty, and Mrs. Delaney was twenty. When one has attained this ripe old age, one is supposed to have some common sense. Mr. Delaney, he told himself, had it. Why should a woman, he thought tritely, cut off beautiful hair which rippled in cascades of shining gold. Before his marriage he had not at all minded being seen on the streets with a bobbed haired girl — but his wife — oh, never!

He hurried home to dinner, and bounded into the house. The delightful odors succeeded in making his mouth water. He thought he should like this dinner, and hastened out to find the cook. There she was, drying her hands on a little pink and blue towel. His wife looked up guiltily and smiled. Nervously, she tossed her hair from her eyes, and he saw that he had seen aright, the first time. It was bobbed! She gave a foolish child-like laugh, and ran across the floor towards him. As she

did so, he backed away until he was standing in the doorway.

"Ruth," he said heatedly, "you — you know what I said! You've done it." He raised one arm over his head and put his other hand inside his coat front, striking an attitude somewhat similar to a favorite pose of Napoleon Bonaparte. Ruth drew back at this. "Never," he proclaimed, "will I enter this house until your hair is grown out again!" He brought both feet together, clasped his hands behind his back, and walked out. As he passed through the front door, the bitter, smoky smell of burnt fried potatoes reached his nostrils. "Ah — let'er old potatoes burn," he thought. He did not shut the door, and Ruth after stumbling out to shut it, went back to the kitchen and turned out the flame under the potatoes. She turned out the oven, and put the pie back into the refrigerator. A pair of Jack's overshoes stood by the sink, and as she emptied the potatoes into the garbage pail, a tear splashed on to the muddy toe of one shoe, making a bright, black spot in the grey.

There was nothing to do but cry, and so Ruth sat down on a chair by the kitchen table, buried her head in her arms, and stopped stifling her emotions. Why, oh, why, she sobbed, had she bobbed her hair? She should not have been tempted by Jane and Lucy and Margaret, and any number of her bobbed haired friends. She implored the gods to give her back her hair and Jack, but all the tears in the world could not do this now.

Ruth learned that Jack was living at his club, and took stealthy walks by there, at times when she thought that she might get a glimpse of him. He had been gone three days now, and life was only existence for both of them. Not many years before, Ruth had been a curly-haired little girl who, on roller skates, had torn madly up and down this street. Now, the same girl, a few years and experiences older, with hair short, almost tip-toed up and down the same street.

Jack Delaney sat in the reading room of his club, and talked with his friends. It was not long until they had all gone on some pretext or other, and Jack was alone. Club life was beginning to grow tiresome. He wanted Ruth, only he would not admit it. He picked up a copy of *Photoplay*, which lay on a chair near him. He was looking intently at a picture of a group of girls who were to appear in a new motion picture. He tapped the pages of the book with his finger tips, and the nails left small, moon-shaped dents in the margins.

Someone behind him, cleared his throat with a dry, rasping sound.

A tall, rather large man with hair which just pretended to be grey, moved over to the window and sat down. He swung one large foot in rhythm to a tune which he seemed to be whistling inwardly. Jack peered cautiously around the *Photoplay*, glanced back into it again, and then put it down.

"I see you're interested in such things?" queried the man to Jack, casually indicating the magazine.

"Um — well — yes," said Jack. He supposed he was.

"I'm a bit interested in such things myself," drawled the man, and coughed. Jack looked around for a draft, then coughed himself.

"That — that's fine," he ventured.

"In fact," continued the other, "I'm a theatrical producer. Name's August Frank — looking around to find a new actress for my latest production, *Sybil's Sobs and Heart Throbs*. Know anybody?"

Mr. John Delaney had known many girls who had felt that they were needed on the stage. He feared, however, that they had all become famous by this time, and so said that he knew of none.

August Frank looked out of the window. "There she is," he ejaculated. "A beauty! She goes by nearly every day — cries into her handkerchief delightfully — ought to go over great in *Sybil's Sobs and Heart Throbs*. Wonderful bobbed hair! If I could only get an introduction to her, I'd sign her up sure."

This all sounded alluring to Jack. He wanted to see this future heroine of such a stirring drama. In one stride he reached the window, just in time to see Ruth passing the front steps. Jack looked at Mr. August Frank and shuddered. His face grew very pale. "Excuse me!" he exploded, and stumbled his way out of the room.

One half-hour later, Jack with Ruth at his side, was dining at the *Bide a Wee Inn*, and Jack thought with remorse, of burnt fried potatoes. "What about a theatre," he said, and so they had gone. All the time, Jack had not said one word about her hair, and if the truth were known, he thought it pretty. Jack had changed. Once he heard her sigh, but it was a sigh of happiness, and once she heard him whisper something under his breath, which she could not understand. It sounded rather like this: "Ought to go over great — Sybil's Sobs —" and something else about a heart, but she never knew just what.

AUDREY SWEET, 1923

AN INTERLUDE

I was thinking of that last evening, out on the end of the lighthouse pier. The lantern of the old pharos, as it slowly revolved, creaked — not an annoying creak, but a friendly creak. The lake was exceptionally still. The tiny waves gurgled musically against the cement base of the pier. From afar out on the water was borne to me the low banka-banka of an ukulele. How sweet, how romantic, those Hawaiian chords sounded across the water! Faint, from a greater distance, could be heard the steady putt-putt of a motor boat, which became more distinct as the boat neared the harbor.

My meditations were interrupted by the sound of my name. "Yes?" I answered, somewhat startled. A slight snicker passed around the room. Then a triumphant voice exclaimed, "You weren't paying attention, were you?"

HARRIET FREEMAN, 1925

ENCHANTMENT

HE had met her that night — the lady of his dreams. She had fascinated him, completely overpowered him. He had delighted in the soft radiance of her flaxen hair, and in the sparkling whiteness of her teeth. He had danced with her, had touched that soft fluffy head, and a tingling thrill had shot through him — a feeling he had never before experienced. She had been the center of his thoughts ever since, and for him, at least, it had been love at first sight. And now he was to call on her. Would she be at home? Would she let him come in? How would she look? Beautiful, of course. But then, he really didn't know her. He had even forgotten her name. Oh! well, no matter; he loved her! But did she love him? The future would tell — ah, the future! How much it might hold in store for him! All these thoughts and many others flitted through his mind, as he made his way to her apartment. He had no difficulty in finding the room, and with a mingled feeling of ecstasy and suspense, he rapped at the door. No one answered; he rapped again — this time a little louder — still no answer. The door was slightly ajar, and almost unconsciously, he pushed it open, and peered within. The flaxen hair and the sparkling teeth were there, but alas — the lady of his dreams had vanished!

ELIZABETH TIMBERMAN, 1925

AN IDYLL OF THE NIGHT

Gold Capella through the night
Sheds a soft, ethereal light,
Shining dim, then shining bright.

Across the breadth of heaven's sphere
To the west she now draws near
Still with glow so mellow — clear.

As the Archer's bow is bent,
And rosy streaks the dawn has sent,
Capella goes — the night is spent.

JEAN MCCAMPBELL, 1924

SMILES AND TEARS

The sky is blue;
The woods are fair;
Birds are singing
Everywhere:
Flowers are bright;
The world is gay;
Dear Teacher says
I got an A.

The clouds are black;
The torrents pour;
Trees are moaning;
Thunders roar:
The world is sad;
Oh, woe is me!
That woman says
I got a D.

GERTRUDE MAY MCPHERSON, 1924

LOST AND FOUND

IT was early morning — the time when men set out for their places of business. Mr. Alexander Fiske, A.B., Ph.D., an inventor at the Washington University, pulled on his great coat and fingered about to find his buttons. It was then that Mrs. Alexander Fiske interrupted his deep thoughts — perhaps the plan for some great discovery, who knows?

"Now, Alex, my dear, I have something to tell you before you leave. I've rather been hoping to give you a surprise. You know how often I've mentioned the fact that this apartment isn't quite good enough for a man of your position. Well — well, dear, I've engaged some wonderful new rooms — quite reasonably, too. So to-night you'll come home to some perfectly splendid rooms. We'll be at the —"

Mr. Fiske was not interested. He was too busy a man to think of household affairs.

"Write out the address and put it in my pocket," was the only comment Mr. Fiske had to make on the new home.

Mrs. Fiske smiled. Her husband knew himself. He knew he wouldn't remember an address, when there were so many really important things to think about — things that would affect the whole world, perhaps.

Not long afterward, Mr. Fiske, with a small piece of paper in his pocket, was borne downward by the elevator and was soon lost in the busy whirl of the Washington streets in war time.

The five o'clock whistles startled Mr. Fiske from an important reverie — still more, they irritated him. He wasn't ready to be brought down to earth. He would wait a little while longer. Surely his wife would understand.

When Mr. Fiske next consulted his watch, it was after eight, and quite dark outside! He must certainly be on his way. He caught a street car and soon found himself under the lighted doorway of his apartment house. He took his way upstairs, but it was not until he came face to face with a strange man leaving the Fiske apartment, that he received a dreadful shock. He suddenly remembered the piece of paper that his wife had placed in his big coat pocket. Yes — he agreed with others that it was an annoying business, this moving. He fumbled in his big coat pocket. He pulled out a box of matches, and continued his search. Slowly a look of terror spread over the face of Mr. Alexander

Fiske. It wasn't there! The paper was gone! Where was his home? Where was his wife? This was certainly an abominable affair! Well, somebody would know. Somebody *must* know. Frantically he jerked at the elevator button, and half a minute later he questioned the portly lady at the office.

"Well, Mr. Fiske," she began slowly, "I saw all the trunks being moved out to the baggage wagon, but I'm sure I don't see how I ought'a know where they were all goin' to."

And still, Mr. Fiske insisted that this exasperating woman must know where his wife was — all to no avail. It was getting quite late. Mr. Fiske's usual hour for bed. With this realization Mr. Fiske became all excitement. He must do something and do it quickly. He took a taxi and began his search by visiting the main hotels of the city. But while he was searching, 47 Poplar Apartments flashed to his mind. Well, what was that? It was certainly no help. He scanned another hotel register, and again he saw before him 47 Poplar Apartments. Why should he keep thinking of that? Why, that must be his new home! A half hour later he stepped out at the Poplar Apartment house and eagerly sought room forty-seven. With a weary sigh of relief, he stood before the door. Yes, now that it was all over he would have to admit that it was a bit amusing. And his wife — she had probably been enjoying it. Well, he would be a good sport and have a little fun with her, then. With as dreadful a voice as he could assume, he leaned close to the door and said, "You—let—me—in." A piercing scream answered him. Well, of one thing he was sure, the voice was not his wife's. He turned and fled before the terrified neighbors coming to the rescue of the occupant of forty-seven, could prepare themselves for pursuit. Again, Mr. Alexander Fiske found himself in the street. The night wore on. He visited one boarding house after another — silently cursing the man who had gaily said, "The world is a small place after all!" Yes, thought Mr. Fiske bitterly, put him in my place and see if he doesn't change his mind. The church clock struck one. Why, this was absurd!— a man like Mr. Fiske forced to wander the streets at one on a winter morning, hunting for his home. Ridiculous! Never had Mr. Fiske been so desperate, so wide awake. Finally he returned to his erstwhile lodging. The portly lady at the desk, seeing the wanderer, burst into ringing laughter. In a terrible tone, Mr. Fiske demanded information. The woman finally sobered and replied that Mrs.

Fiske had called to find the whereabouts of her husband, and, discovering the situation had left her address.

A half hour later, Mrs. Fiske comfortably settled in her new rooms, heard a slow but determined plod, plod, up the stairway. Ah — ha! She would give him a little scare. She hid herself in the closet and left the door open just a crack, that she might see her husband enter, find his wife not in the room, and again set out on his search. Then she would run out and call him back — she, the savior. Slowly the knob turned. Mr. Alexander Fiske spied in a corner of the room a flaming spring hat that had just cost him thirty dollars. Suddenly he realized how very tired he was. He sighed a great sigh. It had been a long night. He threw himself wearily on the bed and knew no more.

Slowly the closet door opened and Mrs. Alexander Fiske emerged. She glanced at her husband and laughed quietly. Then very, very softly she blew him a kiss.

GERTRUDE MCPHERSON, 1924

A PERSON OF MARKED INDIVIDUALITY

Although I saw her only once, I often think of her, and often see her face before me again. No, I cannot say her face, for it is her eyes which haunt me and look at me everywhere I go. They are great, soft, brown eyes, very deep and expressive. They give me the impression that their owner has been through many, many trials, and, while she is a little discouraged with life, is nevertheless not dissatisfied. They are infinitely tragic, infinitely appealing. The only eyes I have ever seen like them are those in a picture of Eleanora Duse. They are eyes which I cannot look at without thinking of sorrow and trouble and sad things. They tell of unassuming bravery, of strength in adversity, and, above all, of a great and enduring patience.

The rest of her face confirms this character. Her thick, dull brown hair is parted in the middle, drawn straight back, and gathered in a neat knot low on her neck. Her mouth is somewhat large, and inclined to droop at the corners; her nose is straight and well-formed. Her complexion is very pale, almost sickly, in fact. Her face is care-worn and criss-crossed by wrinkles, although she cannot be very old. But these are all minor details. It is only the eyes that I saw in the first glance, and they are all that really matter.

VIRGINIA SHEDD, 1924

ESSAYS

This year the Top-Knot is unable to print any essays because the best ones were submitted to the contest held by *The Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. We greatly regret the fact that we cannot share with the Atlantic the joy of publishing the work of our brains.

FASCINATION

I love to watch her hands,
Her slender charming hands.
They're graceful, long, and slim,
And show her slightest whim.
Her tapering fingers brown,
As she puts her papers down,
Bewitch me till I think
Of them alone.

JEANNE PHILLIPS, 1924

A BALLAD OF FISH

"We're out of provisions," my father said
  As he gazed away to the right.
"We're down to potatoes and salt and bread;
  But the fish are waiting to bite."

"The fish," I said with an angry snort,
  "If they live in this oily stream;
There's not one that's really a good enough sport
  To nibble. Your bite was a dream."

But I paddled the stern and father the bow,
  And we dragged the line behind us,
Till we hooked a fish off Slopping Low,
  And then the canoe wouldn't mind us.

As the fish was a great big channel cat,
  To haul us of course was easy.
She traveled along like a "coon" on a "bat,"
  And I tell you the truth, it was breezy.

'Twas half of the night before she stopped,
Worn from her wound and exertion,
Near to the place where the Big Cheat dropped,
Miles from our last location.

Dad managed to haul her alone to the shore,
But it took us both to net her.
She looked like a demon, all horns and gore,
And in size I've seen no better.

There was enough to eat for a month, in that
We baked her and stewed her and fried her.
I'd have sworn that I'd never get tired of cat,
But there was nothing to eat beside her.

We were three weeks poling the raging Cheat,
So we ate her all but the fin.
I'll never lose sight of that grey white meat,
And the cling of that grey black skin.

JULIA NEWTON, 1924

THE JUSTICE OF THE DRUIDS

A TALL emaciated man stood in the midst of the Carnutes Grove. The gigantic oaks emphasized the sacredness of the place. The trunks were rough and gnarled, the limbs, bent and twisted. The man, who stood between the two most ancient and most weather-worn trees, closely resembled their trunks and limbs. His hair was sparse, long, and white. His tunic was loosely belted, and made of a coarse material. He was an appropriate figure to hold the title of "Patriarch of the Druids".

From either side of the grove, a line of Druids filed through the trees, chanting and praying as they advanced toward their patriarch. They approached slowly and cumbersomely, and with cautious movements knelt before him. This was the day of the year when each difference and each crime was placed before the Druids for trial. Many petty disagreements had been settled in the past century or so, on the annual judgment day.

Now an old woman was brought before the arbitrator and his assistants. She was clad only in a leopard skin. Her offense was that she had refused to pay taxes which the tribal government insisted were due. When the arbitrator demanded the reason for her refusing to settle the liability, she made the plea that she no longer had any worldly possessions with which to pay it.

To vindicate the woman, a warrior from her own tribe was brought in. He declared that the fame and glory of their sect was due to the bravery, wisdom, and leadership of the men of her family. He retired, and the question was continued.

A very severe law existed. It was that if all the males of a family had died, their possessions should be given to the tribal government. This was the woman's reason for not liquidating her debt.

The patriarchs called the Druids together. Earnestly and long they argued and discussed the wrong. Finally they came to an agreement. Lingeringly and heavily, they moved to their former positions. The patriarch solemnly pronounced the sentence. As it fell on the woman's ears, she turned as pale as death, and commenced to shiver. One of the Druids stepped forward, loosened her belt and lifted the skin over her head. The woman walked dejectedly through the grove of trees and disappeared.

MARY LOUISE HUBBELL, 1925

THE RACE

THE whistle blew shrilly. Tensely we had been awaiting it. Now all of us sprang forward, and the quarter mile dash was begun. I spared myself in the beginning, and one by one, some of the less cautious competitors passed me by; thus we ran till we came to that last hundred yards. I put forth my best speed. Dimly I heard encouraging voices on either side. The muscles of my legs ached fiercely, but I strained them to the utmost. My feet were like tons of lead. I thought my lungs would burst if I could not stop. I felt like a squirrel in a cage, rushing about, but arriving — nowhere. My head reeled. I knew I could not run much longer. I ground my teeth. "It's for the team — the team," I told myself, "you must," and I clenched my fists. Struggling onward, I outstripped them one by one, till dimly I discerned a figure beside me and knew it was the foremost runner. "You must," my brain repeated again and again. It was as though someone had crammed some cotton down my throat, for my breath came in hoarse sobs. There was a drumming in my ears and a mist before my eyes. A sharp pain throbbed in my side. Blindly I stretched out my hand. It encountered a rough circular substance, and unconsciously closed over it. I plunged forward and dropped to the ground. Far away I heard a voice say, "No. Nine was a little ahead, but No. Three touched the rope first."

ELEANOR THOMAS, 1925

SOUND

Far in the distance I heard the shrill whistle of an approaching freight train as it rumbled across the bridge and began to climb a steep grade. The roaring engine puffed and panted like a huge irritated monster fighting for breath, and struggling beneath the overpowering burden of the long, heavily loaded train of cars, which creaked and scraped along over the tracks. The powerful engine groaningly plodded on with determination, gaining a few more yards with each mighty effort to reach the top. At last, victorious, it tore on over the smooth ground with increasing speed, until only the faint rhythmic sound of the wheels could be heard as they whirled over the ties.

RUTH WEINMAN, 1925

LOLLIPOP

As I was walking along the street to-day I saw a small figure approaching by a combination of walking steps, skips, and runs. The feet and legs were too large and too long in proportion to the rest of the body. One arm, by its rapid swinging, seemed to aid in propelling the body forward. The other arm and hand were busy holding that delectable concoction — a lollipop. As this dangling creature drew nearer, I immediately noticed a rapidly darting deep red tongue. That lollipop was quickly disappearing. The expected pig-tails, each tied with a deep purple ribbon, were irregularly bobbing up and down, sometimes just missing that black, shiny nose with its plateau effect on the very end. The lollipop, strawberry I suppose, did not at all stretch the mouth with its thick, strawberry red lips and the smile seemed to grow broader and broader as the devourer approached. Those black, snappy, happy, merry eyes seemed to be saying, "Don't you wish you had a strawberry lollipop?"

FRANCES ROMER, 1924

LOLLIPOP DAY

The lollipop sale is over.
But where are the lollipops now?
They have gone to your hands and your faces.
Some e'en have besmeared the brow,
On lollipop day.

The air with their scent is burdened;
Their sticks place in peril your eyes;
All about you is crunching and cracking;—
You'll flee from the din if you're wise
On lollipop day.

Your mouth to your ears is widened;
Your tongue feels all woolly and rough.
The thought of the morrow is painful, when
You know you've had more than enough
On lollipop day.

ANNE KILBOURNE, 1924

TASTE

"Did you ever eat a persimmon?" "No, are they good?" "They are delicious!" replied my friend. "Here, take this one, it looks about right." I took it and felt it as one feels an apple. Yes, it seemed ripe enough. I bit into it, and liked it very much. "They are good," I remarked. "It's funny,though, that I never —" but my sentence remained unfinished. My mouth and throat puckered up and burned. My teeth felt soft and mushy like sphagnum moss. I tried to swallow, but all sides of my throat seemed to meet my palate. I could have well believed it if someone had told me that I had eaten gasoline. I learned never to eat a persimmon unless it was very, very soft.

ELIZABETH LANDACRE, 1925

Miss March: Can't you make an adverb out of much?
Virginia: Sure! muchly.

The vizier reads a letter to the Prince from his dead father. Those spirits again!

The Prince is crowned by the Vizier. Dear me, what a cave man!

SMELL

The key turned slowly in the rusty lock, and with a whining creak, the heavy door opened. As I entered the old vestibule, a dull, thick, musty odor surrounded me. I rushed across the lusterless floor, and after a struggle, succeeded in opening a window. A current of warm air drifted slowly in, carrying the heavy scent of an old-fashioned rose garden, mingled with the dank, moist smell of decaying plants. At first the combined odors made me dizzy, then as I became accustomed to them, I wandered through the rest of my grandfather's old home. In my grandmother's room I imagined I could still smell faint traces of lavender, but as I brushed by the wall paper, an unpleasant, sour, damp odor of ancient paste, made me eager to leave. Five minutes later I walked around through the garden, and was just leaving its dewy fragrance, when the cloudy carbon-like smell from the engine of my waiting automobile blotted out every other odor.

AUDREY SWEET, 1923

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

IN 1898, because of the seizures of Port Arthur, Kiau-Chau, and Wei-hai-wei, a great wave of hatred against the "Foreign Devils" broke over China. The young men of the country, who had banded into a political organization for the extermination of the Christian element and who called themselves Boxers, had the sympathy of the Dowager Empress, who favored those most hostile to the foreigners. In 1900 the climax was reached; the German ambassador was shot down in the streets of Pekin; and the various legations, gathered at the British Embassy, stood siege for two months until the United States reinforcements arrived from the Philippines. Then the Empress fled, and gradually China drew up a form of government favorable to diplomatic relations. According to the peace treaty, China had to pay large indemnities to Britain, Germany, Russia, and the United States for the insults to their ministers' dignities and for the cost of the war. The United States, however, returned her share of the spoils to China. The Chinese were very grateful, and said that all the money would be spent in America. The result was the Boxer Fund, out of which the best young men of China were to be educated in our universities.

Tzu Lin was one of these students. He was ceasing to be as greatly impressed by our civilization as he had been at first. He was becoming accustomed to the rules of the university, and he was developing a great love of athletics. He was too small for football, and did not care for basket ball; but tennis fascinated him. He watched the other fellows playing, and occasionally borrowed a racquet, gradually learning the game himself. The more he played, the more enthusiastic he became; but the Boxer scholarship did not provide luxuries. The stipend allowed each man was barely enough to cover the necessary expenses of the course.

But Tzu was too proud to keep on borrowing forever, and besides that, his friends were getting tired of continually lending to him. "Why don't you go to Miss Jenny's and buy a racquet? They're not so very expensive," remarked a young American.

Tzu felt that he was "losing face" among the boys. "What to do?" he wondered, "If I no get racquet, I stop play. Everyone wonder why — I can no buy without money — people think me *poor*. What I do?"

One hot spring morning a panting, well meaning, tactless youth just

off the courts, came up to where Tzu was standing watching the games on the courts nearest him.

"Say, Lin, it's a shame you've stopped tennis. Just when you were getting into good form, too."

He had never priced sporting goods, but that afternoon he went with some of his friends to a tiny general store, and while they decided on various supplies, Tzu asked to see tennis racquets. The proprietress got down several for his inspection, and placed them on the counter. After they had all left, she began to put away her stock, and noticed that her best racquet was missing. Remembering Tzu's longing, she soon decided that he was guilty, but, since she had no direct proof, she decided to wait awhile before informing the police.

A week or so later, some of the same boys came in again, and she casually asked how Mr. Lin was enjoying his new tennis racquet. The boys were very enthusiastic about it. Mr. Lin's racquet was one of the best, and Tzu was thoroughly satisfied with it. Then Miss Jenny remarked, "I am sorry to tell you he has not paid for it."

The boys were crushed. One of *their people*, a Boxer student, was a common thief! It was unbelievable. Why, the Chinese were the most honest people on earth! and the Boxers, the chosen best of their young men! They were trusted all over the campus.

In the evening the Chinese consul at Washington received by telegram a full account of the tragedy. Under his instructions, a mass meeting of the Chinese students was held. Tzu Lin was accused, convicted, sentenced. Under the circumstances, the Chinese felt that, rather than come to trial, he should have committed hara-kiri. The chairman rose.

"Tzu Lin, you have deliberately stolen. You have disgraced our country. You have blackened your face and the faces of your honorable ancestors. You, a Boxer student, one of the chosen ones, have brought this shame to us.

"You must leave the campus to-day, and go to some other college where you are not known. Unless you make good in that time, and unless you are perfectly honest during your year of probation, you will be deported. You no longer have a right to the privileges of Boxers; you must make your own way until you get your degree."

Not long after, one of the professors asked a Boxer how Tzu Lin had happened to steal in the first place. The student answered sadly, "We no know. We think he too much Christian." JEANNE PHILLIPS, 1924

AN HONEST MISTAKE

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lyman were well on in life. They had built a small home in a suburb of Clayton, where they were comfortably settled. Mr. Lyman held a good position in town, as president of the Clayton City Bank. Since it was three-quarters of an hour drive from his home to the city, he always carried a small revolver as a safeguard, when he came home late at night. He prided himself on never having had any trouble with hold-ups or burglars.

One night he had been forced to work late at the bank. He started home at seven-thirty. It was dark. It was drizzling at intervals. When he reached the Clayton Pike, he passed a respectable looking man, walking towards the suburbs. Mr. Lyman went past him, but on second thought, he stopped the car and waited for the pedestrian to catch up with him.

"It won't do me any harm to do a good deed now and then," he thought.

"It's pretty bad out to-night," he remarked to the stranger. "Don't you want a lift?"

"Yes, sir, that's very kind of you," said the respectable looking man, as he stepped into the car.

Neither man spoke for about ten minutes until Mr. Lyman asked, "How far are you going?"

"Oh — to wherever it's convenient for you to let me out. I always walk home for the exercise, but I didn't count on it's raining to-night."

"It's pretty late. Do you always get home as late as this?"

"Oh, yes! I like to walk after dark."

Mr. Lyman wondered just how late it was. He felt for his watch. It was gone! All in a flash he put on the brakes, pulled out his revolver, and pointed it squarely at the man beside him.

"Give me that watch," he demanded.

The respectable looking man handed over the watch.

"Now get out of this car, and run just as fast as you can!"

The respectable looking man did so. When he had disappeared, Edward Lyman started on with a sigh of relief.

"Humph! So that was his trick," he thought. "Poor, lonely man walking home on a rainy night! Going to get out wherever it was con-

venient for me! Always walked home! Liked to walk after dark! Well — I guess I fooled him this time."

He reached home, put the car away, and went into the house.

"Good evening, Anna dear," he said, kissing his wife. "I'm sorry that I am so late, but it couldn't be helped. I had quite an experience on the way home. I picked up a perfectly decent looking man, and before I knew it, he had taken my watch. I must admit that he was rather deft with his hands because I wasn't conscious of his taking it at all. But you may well imagine that I didn't lose any time in recovering it, and in asking him to leave my car."

"Why, Edward," replied his wife, "your watch is upstairs on your bureau. You went off without it this morning."

He pulled out the watch and looked at it.

"Well, I'll be hanged! — Why didn't he speak up? But then — I guess I didn't give him much of a chance. What if he got my number, and reported me? I wouldn't have any proof that I didn't steal the thing."

Mr. Lyman advertised for a week, but the owner of the stolen watch never turned up. ELIZABETH LANDACRE, 1925

OUR BOOK SHELF

A Child's Garden of Verse, Senior Poetry Class
Les Miserables, Junior French Class
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Verona won't tell us
Day-Off, Very few
The Scarlet Letter, O. K. card
The Unknown Quantity, Easy lessons
Princeton Stories, Mrs. McClure
Tremendous Trifles, Report cards, exams, tags, et cetera
The Researeh Magnificent, Chemistry laboratory
The Guardian Angel, Personal advisers
The Joyful Heart, All exams passed
Faerie Queen, Marion Howe
The Silver Box, Class Treasury
The Ruling Passion, Luncheon
The Silent Woman, There ain't no such thing
Paradise Lost, The Pound
Pilgrim's Progress, Chapel
The Conqueror, Red Team
The Crisis, Make-Up Day
The Call of the Wild, Botany
An Old Fashioned Girl, Non est

RUNNIN' WILD

HUMP! mused Becky, "Hump, I wish there was somethun' to do. These dry ole days just wear me out." This speech was made by a straggly looking girl of thirteen. She was sitting on a high wooden fence overlooking an alley. She was humped up, with her chin resting on her hands. Her mouth drooped, and her eyes had in them a look of disgust. Her long spindly legs hung listlessly over one side. Time passed slowly for her.

Suddenly she raised her head; she heard someone calling her. She turned sideways and looked with contempt at the Fultze boy coming through the yard. On perceiving Becky, he called out, "Aw, c'm on off that fence. Whatcha mean by sittin' there when you could 'a' dueled with me over in the stable? I just betcha you're scared to. Oh, well, I should care. I just thought you might 'a' liked to try it." Becky put her hands on her hips and yelled back, "I wouldn't give a nutshell for that ole set of yours. I wouldn't play in the dirty stable for all the boys in town! Now," she said, turning around to her former position, "I'll take some nourishment." Becky pulled a big orange from her pocket and bit into it with much gusto. Her bad humor was evident, as she threw the orange peels one by one over into the neighbor's flower garden. After she had masticated the orange, she scrambled down from her perch and sauntered up the back walk.

Hot summer days held no joy for Becky. They meant a long nap in the afternoons and a bath a day, both of which she hated. As she slowly walked up the path, a bright idea sprang into her mind — she would wash their old dog, Jason. At the prospect of bringing misery to something, she brightened noticeably. She rushed along to the house, calling and whistling. In reply to her calls, a long, fat dachshund waddled out from under the back steps. His comical body was as dirty as could be. Little did he guess what was in store for him. He cocked his head on one side in a questioning fashion. He never could tell what his young mistress was going to do next. Becky lunged for him and brought him down sprawling on the ground. With a grunt he rolled over and was still. This dog had long passed the prime of his life. Becky knew he was too lazy to get up, so she went into the house, banging the screen door as she went. From the basement she produced soap, wash tub, and scrub brush. Several minutes later, she came out of the back door almost

transformed. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders. She had on a dilapidated bathing cap, which held her unruly hair back. An old rubber raincoat fastened about her neck completed her costume. Her blue eyes fairly danced with expectation.

Having filled the tub with water, she snatched old Jason by the front feet and pulled him over to the tub. He half protested to such awkward treatment by uttering a little growl. Not at all disturbed by his opinion, she picked him up and threw him head first into the cold water. Jason came to with a start. He rose in the tub, and shook the water from him. In a few minutes Jason was covered with lather, body and eyes, head, nose, and all. Some of the soap trickled into his mouth. With a shake, he tried to dislodge the lather. The suds flew in all directions. Becky turned to avoid the shower. While her back was turned, Jason hopped out of the tub, and dashed blindly for the house. Becky had left the screen door open. Through this he rushed, straight into the house. With a cry, Becky ran after him. Already he had reached the library and had curled up in his favorite chair when Becky arrived. Her heart sank when she spied the old dog, covered with soap lying there peacefully. She had hardly grasped the situation when her mother came in the front door with several ladies from her sewing circle. With a gasp, her mother rushed into the room. She had seen the trail of soap flakes leading into the library. Poor Becky stood there staring. Before Becky could say a word, her mother had snatched her hat and had made a violent lurch at the sleepy hound. Not to be moved, Jason sighed, and blinked his heavy eyelids. Becky picked Jason up in her arms and fled from the room, leaving the ladies of the sewing circle gasping. Mrs. Ramon, Becky's mother, was crying, "Oh, my chair! that beastly dog. I'll get rid of him yet. I just knew something like this would happen. No more than get my house straightened out, when this dog has to spoil everything. I've stood about all I'm going to from him." With another gasp, she went out to the kitchen for a mop and a cloth. She finally succeeded in wiping off the suds.

Outside, Becky stood viewing her dear old canine with a look of pity. She didn't know what to do next. She knew she would be punished; so she left everything as it was and dashed out of the yard. Across the street, up a terrace, and around the house she went at break-neck speed. She stopped only when she had reached the loft of the old stable.

A strange scene met her as she came in. Jim Fultze was standing in the middle of the floor, a wire cage over his face, and a sword in his hand. He was making thrusts at an old potato sack hanging from one of the beams. Becky was again in an evil humor. When Jim turned and spoke to her sarcastically, she jumped at him, kicking his shins and pulling his hair. She fought hard for a minute or two; then she gave him a punch. She snatched his sword. "Now," she gasped, "We'll duel. Who said a girl couldn't do it?" Jim couldn't defend himself one bit; he turned and dashed down the steps. With a look of triumph Becky dropped the sword. She brushed her dress lovingly, smoothed back her wild locks, and stalked out of the barn.

At dinner that night, Mr. Ramon looked at his daughter, shook his head, and said, "Your mother tells me you washed Jason this afternoon, and deliberately let him get into the house. Now, you know I've spoken to you before about holding him while you washed him. You ought to be punished. Don't think you are too old to be spanked. I just have a mighty good notion to do it." He had hardly finished this threat when Mrs. Fultze appeared in the doorway, with a menacing look on her face. Mr. Ramon rose to meet her. Becky darted from the room. She had a pretty good idea as to the trouble. She had deliberately kicked and mistreated that James Fultze. "Poor spoiled boy," she cried. "Had t' go tell his mother. Served him right." She made a rapid exit.

An hour or two later, she stood on the outside of the house looking in through the window. All was well. She risked entering. She came in on tip-toe so as not to disturb anybody unnecessarily. She reached the front stairs in safety. Her dad and mother were discussing her conduct. Father said, "Why, she is just running wild." With a grin of mischief on her face, she hummed, "I'm runnin' wild, as wild could be —" After all, the day had afforded enough excitement.

KATHERINE SATER, 1925

CHEER UP

When you're feeling rather blue,
And your plans all tumble through;
Don't be sulky and complain about your luck.
Brace yourself and force a smile,
Tell a joke and laugh awhile,
And you'll surely be rewarded for your pluck.

MARGARET GUMBLE, 1924

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

THE night before the last match in the great Western Field Trials had arrived. One by one the dogs had been eliminated during the week until now only two remained. They would pit their endurance and speed the next day over the big plain which now lay quiet and unaware that it would soon be a battlefield.

The one hotel of the little town was packed to bursting with dog-lovers and sportsmen. Everyone was talking not only of the coming event and of the merits of the two dogs, but also of field trials of the past and of the performances, greatly exaggerated, of former champions. This match was the most important one of the season, as the winner would receive with the thousand dollar prize, the title of champion, the greatest honor which can be won by a dog. It was rendered still more exciting by the characters of the two owners.

One, Mr. Lee, a rich, overbearing man, was hated by dog men all over the country. He was blustering, unsportsmanly, dishonest, and a great coward at heart, as such people usually are. He was excessively cruel to his dogs, and thought only of what he could get out of them; a fact which alone would have turned dog-lovers against him. Many times people had tried to have his entries refused by the Field Trial Clubs of America, but had failed.

The owner of the other dog, Mr. Sanford, was an entirely different type of character. To him, his dog was as a dear friend, in fact the dearest friend he had. The dog responded with all the affection in his nature, and the two were inseparable. Mr. Sanford, disrespectfully called "Old Man Sanford", was a small, insignificent, weak-eyed, round-shouldered man of late middle-age. He was such a one as is never noticed when around, nor missed when absent. He was regarded by all as a rather childish old man, to be tolerated and pitied. He was wretchedly poor, and lived in a disreputable shack with only his dog for company.

Although laughed at and discouraged by everyone, he had nevertheless entered his one treasure and possession in the match, in the hope of getting the much-needed money. The entrance fee had taken his last penny, and he gambled all on this one hope. To the amazement of the town, his home-trained dog had shown all the qualities of a winner, and on the morrow would compete for the championship. His owner gained favor

in the eyes of his neighbors. He was now "Mr." Sanford, and was greeted everywhere with great respect. When he entered the hotel that night after visiting his dog, he became at once the center of attraction. Everyone crowded around him, asking him innumerable questions about his dog. Unused to such attention, he was at first terrified and then extremely surprised at finding himself enjoying it all. He was easily drawn into divulging his plans for spending his thousand dollars, which everyone assured him would soon be his. He was building castles in the air at a great rate, when suddenly Mr. Lee entered the hotel. Mr. Sanford stopped short, and beheld his castles come tumbling down, for Mr. Lee, with all his money, looked so overpowering and assured. How could he ever beat such a man at anything?

The next morning the whole town assembled on the plain to witness the match. The dogs were surrounded by people showing off their good points, and talking of their chances for winning. The trial promised to be a very close one, as both dogs were about the same size, speed, and age. Soon the signal to get ready came, and the owners spoke the last word to their dogs. This in the case of Mr. Lee was a muttered threat for what would happen if the match were not won, while in the case of Mr. Sanford, it was a trembling pat on the head and an understanding look. Then the signal came, two black specks were vanishing into the far distance, and the match had begun.

Everyone present agreed that it was the closest, most exciting trial he had ever witnessed. During the three hours, many coveys of birds were flushed, and the dogs proved themselves worthy contenders for a championship. At the end of the time, the dogs were called off, and the judges' decision was awaited breathlessly. After much delay, they called the owners to them and announced the match a draw and asked the dogs to be let loose again, that endurance might decide the question.

"And Mr. Lee," a judge said, "I noticed that you did not stand close to your dog when you fired. At his next point, please fire directly over him."

The dogs were started again, and the judge's command was followed. At the first shot, the dog, which was a little gun-shy, ran for cover with his tail between his legs. This, of course, gave the match to his rival.

After the prize was awarded to the winner, the crowd quickly dispersed. Mr. Sanford, dazed, stood looking at his money. Again he made

air castles and again he was brought down to earth by Mr. Lee, or, to be more exact, by the cries of Mr. Lee's dog, for Mr. Lee's temper was now showing to great advantage. After having called his dog to him, he had commenced to beat it with his heavy dog-whip. The dog, too exhausted to make an outcry, was passive under the blows. Only an occasional moan came from him.

Suddenly Mr. Lee was confronted by Mr. Sanford, who pleaded with him to stop, but all to no avail. "The coward! He would have won it, if he hadn't quit, and no one's going to keep me from punishing him," was the answer, as the blows were redoubled.

"But," interposed Mr. Sanford, whose tender heart could not bear to see anything suffer, "you'll surely kill him if you don't stop."

"Maybe that's what I mean to do. He's my dog and I'll do what I please with him." But this was more than Mr. Sanford could stand.

"If you please — I have some money now. How much will you take for the dog?" A crafty light came into the eyes of Mr. Lee. "Well, I had wanted more for him, but after to-day I'll let you have him for a thousand." "A thousand?" gasped Mr. Sanford, "why, that's all I have."

"Yes, a thousand," said the other, taking up his whip again. For a few minutes Mr. Sanford watched the cruel beating. The dog raised his blood-shot eyes to him, and gasped feebly.

"Don't, oh, don't — here's your money," and Mr. Sanford gave up his cherished prize, and in return was handed the leash of the dog. He made his way back to the hut, no richer than before, but with two grateful, worshipping eyes looking at him trustfully.

It did not take long for the story to spread around the town. People regarded Old Man Sanford now as a little "queer". Of course it was a fine thing to do, but then — a thousand dollars — and anyway it wasn't his business.

VIRGINIA SHEDD, 1925

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE

Oh, yes! I saw Mrs. McClure about wearing that black lace dress to school. She said it would be perfectly all right.

Oh, dear me, no! I couldn't bear to let any of my lessons go undone. It's such a bore not having anything to do.

No, I havn't been doing much dancing week-ends. I really haven't had time on account of all the wonderful lectures and art exhibits.

Well, I've been spending most of my time in the English room reading biographies and histories — they're *so* interesting.

ISOLATED

IRENE and Sally decided to "play house". Irene was a chubby little blonde of eight. Sally, in contrast to her chum, was a slender brunette of nine. "Let's get all the kids in town. You can be the father and I'll be the mother," said Irene.

Irene literally meant "all the kids in town," for they both lived in the village of Circleville. Soon all of the children had gathered on Mound Street at Sally's to "play house", where they played noisily and happily on Copingham's large, sunny front porch.

During the course of the afternoon, Sally had a brilliant inspiration to make their game seem more realistic. Carpen's house, two blocks down the street, had been visited by that deadly disease, smallpox. It was the only case that had been known of in Circleville for years. All the children had been greatly impressed by the warnings of their parents not to go near the quarantined house. Thus it was not to be wondered at that Sally, who had seen the sign taken down by a tall, stern man, and knew it had been carried to the ash barrel, thought of resurrecting it and pretending that this disease had visited their make-believe home. The sign was nailed up by the little boys who had joined them and the children played at "smallpox".

A storm suddenly came up and they scampered indoors. At dusk they all trooped home.

That night at supper, Sally heard her mother say angrily, "I think it is downright impolite. After we give up a whole evening, those horrid Levaines call up at the last minute and say that they are very sorry but Mrs. Levaine has a headache and they won't be able to come this evening."

"Tom called up, too," said Peter, Sally's older brother. "He has another engagement. He didn't have anything doing for to-night as late as this afternoon, though, and he had promised to help me get a new hook-up for my radio."

The next morning as Sally walked down the street she rubbed her eyes twice to believe what she saw. In the first place, as she came out of the house, she saw old Mrs. Twight, the town gossip, who, with an empty measuring cup in her hand, got as far as the foot of Copingham's steps, turn and flee, with the parting words to Sally, "The idea of you being out." Sally watched her disappear in amazement and then walked slowly up the street. As she came near people, they hurriedly moved

away from her. One little boy held his breath as she came near him, and when she angrily shook him and asked him what the matter was, he turned and ran away. Sally greatly puzzled at last entered the back door of her home and there found her mother in tears.

"What is the matter?" Sally gasped.

"That is just what I would like to know," said Mrs. Copingham angrily. "But I'll guarantee, whatever it is, you've had your finger in it. When I went to the grocery, what did that crazy grocer do but hurriedly push me out of his store and shut the door, shouting, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Copingham, but you know I sell food. I wonder what he thought I came for, brick-bats."

Suddenly light dawned upon Sally. She went to the front door and peeked out. She started at what she saw and gathering all her strength fled to Irene's. Mrs. Copingham watched Sally in amazement and then slowly went to the front door and looked out. "What could that child have seen?" she thought. Unconsciously she had taken two or three steps out of the door. When she turned in disappointment, to enter the house again, she staggered as if some one had struck her, for there confronting her she saw the sign "smallpox".

IDALEAH LOEWENSTEIN, 1925

A SENIOR CLASS MEETING

A meeting of the senior class was called to strict attention;
The secretary read the roll, a fact which I must mention;
With minutes read, the chairman called for their polite approval,
Unless perhaps an error bold would mean their prompt removal.

The chairman laid before the class, the business of the meeting.
That the secretary labored hard, indeed needs no repeating.
With mallet bold, the chairman struck the desk with all her might,
Which aided some in calming the confusion then in sight.

When all the business then was planned and everything decided,
Each member to her dearest friend, her private view confided;
But at the chairman's shout for peace each head around was turned,
And at the ringing of the bell, the meeting was adjourned.

RUTH VIRGINIA HEER, 1924

THE MOUTHS OF BABES

AT Springfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Blackburn changed trains. The scenery from that time on, as he traveled toward Boston, his destination, was entirely different from the beautiful mountains cut by sparkling streams, and the wide, smooth rivers of New Hampshire and Vermont through which he had just passed.

While Mr. Blackburn was not a traveling salesman he had spent much of his time on business trips in the east for his shoe manufacturing firm. At Springfield, this time, he had the good fortune to share his seat with a man of refined and dignified appearance.

Soon after the train started, his seat-mate asked, "What time is this train due in Boston?"

"About two-thirty, if it's on time; about five, if it's as late as usual."

"What!" exclaimed the man. "I must be there at half-past three for a meeting, and it is most urgent, because I have a speech to make."

"Sorry. Didn't anyone warn you that this train is usually late getting into Boston?"

"No," he replied, "but I guess it's too late now to do anything about it. I've another meeting in the evening which —"

"The one about child labor?" interrupted Mr. Blackburn.

"Yes. Are you attending that?"

"Yes, indeed. Isn't it strange that we should happen to sit together? I'm from Minneapolis. Do you live in Springfield?" asked Mr. Blackburn.

"No, I'm from New York. I'm cashier of the National Trust Company there. My name is Roberts."

"My name is Blackburn of the Excelsior Shoe Company. Do you travel much?"

"Yes, quite a bit, and I do have some interesting experiences. Day before yesterday coming up here I had one which I shall never forget."

"Let's hear it," said Blackburn. "I should be very much interested."

"Well," began Roberts, "soon after I got on the train at New York, a young man, who looked to be scarcely twenty, sat down beside me. We got into a conversation about weather, war, politics, and other general topics. I was enjoying myself immensely, and I thought that the boy was very well-informed for his age. He had some clever ideas, and I found no little difficulty in keeping up with him.

"Soon he suggested that we go back into the smoker. This was agreeable to me, and we went back and found there, three men, playing cards. Before we sat down one of them looked up and asked if one of us would fill in a fourth hand at bridge. I saw they were playing for money and refused. But the young chap with me, immediately began to insist that I join them.

" 'You'll enjoy it,' he said. 'I'll just sit here and look on. They won't play for high stakes.'

" 'I'm sorry,' I replied, 'but I do not play for money.'

" 'Then I'll play,' said the young man, and no amount of persuading from me could make him change his mind. I was sorry, because I had previously thought him a fine fellow. Now, I began to feel differently.

"Before the cards were dealt, one of the men said to the young man, 'Sir, before we start to play, I want to tell you that we have to get off at a station about thirty miles from here, and, win, or lose, we're going to get off. We just want you to understand that.'

" 'That's all right with me,' said the boy, and they began to play.

"I soon saw that a near tragedy would occur should the boy play much longer, unless his luck turned. The three men were sharks at the game. I pleaded with the fellow more than once to stop, but he would not, and when the train whistled for the station at which the three men were to get off, they had seventy-five dollars of the boy's money.

"But he was not disheartened at this and said, 'I have twenty-five dollars left, and I think it is only fair that you stay on the train for thirty minutes more and give me a chance. You can get off in half an hour and take a traction back to your destination.'

"The men agreed, and, at the end of the thirty minutes, they had won his remaining twenty-five dollars. The boy didn't seem at all resentful of the fact and went out of the smoker with them, shaking each by the hand. I at once spotted him out to be an associate of these men, and I fully expected him to get off with them. But, contrary to my beliefs, he came back into the smoker as the train started, and, sitting down opposite me, he lit a cigarette and took up a newspaper.

" 'Look here, young man,' said I, 'I hope you have learned your lesson. Experience is the best teacher. Although she is sometimes very harsh, the lesson taught is well learned and never to be forgotten. In all my life I have never robbed anyone or lost a cent in gambling.'

"I went on at this rate for several minutes, and the young fellow listened attentively. Then he spoke.

" 'Old man', he said, 'I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I guess I'll have to,' and, reaching in his right coat pocket, he pulled out a large roll of bills. 'Here is all of their money.'

"He reached in his left coat pocket and pulled out another large roll. 'Here is all of my own money.' And, reaching in his vest pocket, he said, 'And because I hate to take candy from children, I'm giving this back,' as he returned my own pocketbook containing four hundred and fifty dollars!"

PERSIS BANNON, 1925

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Miss Daniels: Paragraph 17
Miss Woodbury: Now girls
Miss Holland: Well! (with much expression)
Miss Carey: What's wrong with this picture
Miss March: My senior class
Miss Flournoy: How many times must I tell you
Miss Cavers: Wash your face
Mrs. McClure: I heard a man speak at Princeton—

Child (on the morning of a marionette show in the Lower School)—Miss Cavers, where is the puppy show?

No, I never study for the Board Exams — they're really awfully easy.

I'm wearing that white satin backless gown for Commencement. I *must* get some French-heeled slippers to go with it.

Miss Williams: Virginia, you don't seem to have school costume on.
Virginia (absently): Oh dear, how careless of me, and I tied a string around my finger, too.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman: And what are you digging for, my good man?
Digger: Money.
I. O. G.: And when do you expect to find it?
Digger: Saturday night.
—*Good Hardware*

Small boy (who has just been asked what he would like to have): A pony and cart with a white tail.

A TRIOLET

I'd an idea to-day;
But I cannot recall it.
Yes, strange to say,
I'd an idea to-day.
But quick 'twas away.
Inspiration I'll call it.
I'd an idea to-day;
But I cannot recall it.

Virginia Shedd, 1924

Miss March: Where have you heard of Pollemoros before?
Frances: He was the one that got killed.
Miss March: Yes, he fell overboard and was drowned in the first book.

He: Isn't this a stupid party?
She: Yes.
He: Why not let me take you home?
She: I live here.
—*Jester*

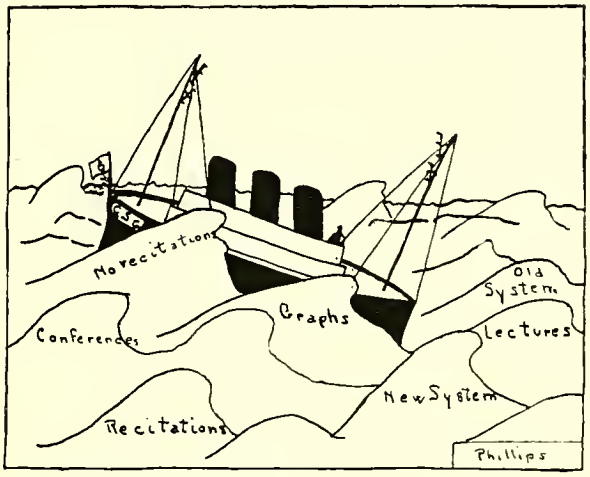
Did that car say subway?
I didn't hear it.
—Lampoon

Ruth: How long did it take you to read Shakespeare?
Virginia: Oh, about three shakes of a lamb's tale.

Did Colgan: That's a pretty good joke, if I do say it myself.
Mary (wearily): Yes, I've always liked that one.

One: They've just sent my poor sister up for another term.
Other: Where, Sing Sing?
One: No, C. S. G.

Miss March: What's the reference to the Belides?
Adelaide: Well, they were the people who had to carry water in a sieve with holes in it.



Mrs McClure (onbridge) "Now why do all those people get seasick?

MORE FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Hot dawg: 'Most anyone
My cow: Fannie Knox
Holy Cat: Mary Sackett
My dear: Everyone
Perfectly screaming: Louise Weissenbach
Hot sketch: Frances Romer
Holy Roman Empire: Jean McCampbell
Playing marbles with the gold fish: Ruth Heer

SENIOR SONG

Red roses are red
Blue violets are blue
Hope I graduate
Hope you do, too.

Mrs. Jones: Is your daughter home for the Spring holidays?
Mrs. Smith: I think so — I can't find any of my silk stockings.

Mrs. Nouveau-Riche: He's getting on so well at school; he learns Algebra and French. Now, Percy, say how do you do to the lady in Algebra.

—*Goblin*

Miss Holland: Heavens! I'd rather be killed all over than have my tongue cut out.
It *would* be rather tragic — such silence!

She (angrily): "I should think you'd be ashamed to look me in the face, or speak to me on the street.
He: I am kinda, but I have to be courteous.

—Purple Cow

"I've lost my report card," the young girl said,
And she merrily wagged her curly head;
"And I can't just think where it can be,
Though I can't just say it bothers me."

"I think I had it a week ago,
For I saw my grades — that much I know;
I gave that card a good long look,
And then I put it inside a book.

"And really, I think it's very queer
That my report card isn't here —
Why *here* it is in my book," she cried.
"I *must have forgotten to look inside!*"

HELEN GAGER BROWN

LODGE ACTIVITIES

CHAPTER I

AT ten-thirty the Lodge was quiet, as usual. Virginia Pletcher opened the door of her room. She peered cautiously down the corridor. All was well. Unfolding the sheet that she held in her hand she draped it around her after the fashion of ghosts of the best order. Gliding down the hall she knocked at several doors. It was as if she had knocked at graves. From every side

white-sheeted figures appeared and plotted together in stage whispers. Only the old girls were admitted to the conclave. The new girls were sleeping dreamlessly unaware of the impending excitement. After suitable preparations were made, the ghosts advanced upon the innocent sleepers and dragged them from their rooms.

"I don't want to join the Ku Klux Klan," protested "Puck" Garvin.

The captives were led to the basement where candles made weird shadows on the wall. After the ghosts had removed their sheets, Mary Keim presented a number of her best "take-offs," by which the new girls were duly impressed. Dancing followed, and then refreshments, and the old girls were gracious hostesses. The new girls were delighted to find that what started out to be a nightmare was only the annual party in their honor.

CHAPTER II

Although Bryden Hall is usually the scene of Baby Chapel, it was once the scene of a real baby party. The occasion was the annual party of the new girls in honor of the old girls. Miss Cavers, then a charming youngster of five, interrupted the games by crying loudly when her doll was taken from her. She was finally prevailed upon to enter a game of "Farmer in the Dell," and Helen Blair, who was still in long dresses, held the doll. Frances Forward and Ruth York, who were very rowdy twins in rompers, ran away with the box of lollipops, and barely escaped a spanking.

CHAPTER III

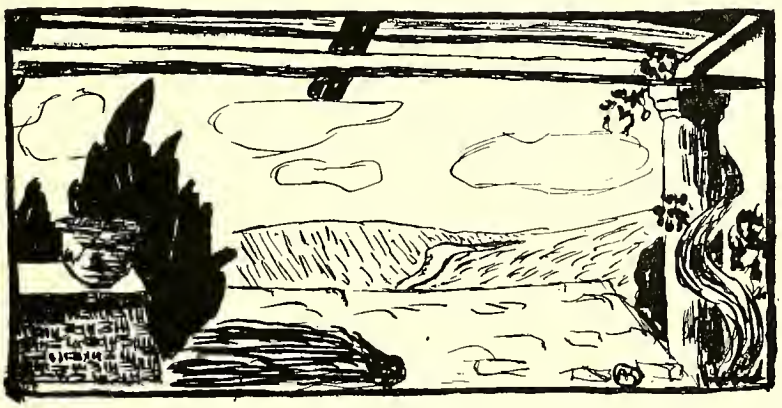
It was indeed an event when the Lodge Council, moral and upright of reputation, announced a Cabaret Dinner. Even the announcement itself was unusual. Two weeks before the appointed date a huge question mark appeared upon the bulletin board. Each day the mystery deepened with the addition of some new symbol. When the night arrived the guests assembled, consumed with curiosity and clad in gay attire. The first course of the dinner was followed by a selection of the Strung Quartet. This quartet was composed of Viola Contraltum, Mary Keim; Basso Violent, Virginia Pletcher; Firstus Violinoleum, Frances Forward; Secondelle Violinoleum, Margaret McConnell.

Their selections were composed by the quartet and met with great success. The next number was an Argentine Tango by Threda Bara,

Margaret McConnell, and Takoff Vaseleno, Kathryn Gallup. The dance was executed in true cabaret fashion.

Every evening throughout the year, the telephone has rung sometime during dinner. The story goes that it is rung by the woman who is walled up in the secret room. Many theories have been advanced on the subject, but this is the most popular. In the course of the Cabaret Dinner the telephone rang as usual. Doris Olds, always prompt to take action in such situations, immediately rose and announced that she would answer the telephone and solve the mystery. She went determinedly into the hall. A shriek was heard and she came running back, followed by the mystery woman. The lights snapped off and a white-faced woman with flowing robes appeared in the doorway. Even Julia Newton shook with fear. The mystery was solved. The woman walled up in the secret room for so many years, craving food had escaped and shown herself before us. The Mystery Woman was excellently portrayed by Lois McIlroy.

Among the guests were some lovely ladies of 1860, Miss Hatheway, Marcia Scott, and Adelaide Black. Ruth York was a bowery girl of the toughest variety. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing.



CHRONICLES OF THE VII FORM

THE VII Form elected as officers for the year the following girls: Katherine Neff, president; Flora Shawan, vice-president and treasurer; Betty Williard, secretary.

The seniors of last year gave us their class song, but it was decided that we should change the music and keep the same words.

Miss Carey chose a basket ball team from our number, and our first game was played with the VIII's. We were badly defeated.

As a result of our candy sale, we were able to provide a lovely Christmas dinner, toys, and some clothing for two large families, and a nice basket of fruit and a pair of house slippers for an old crippled lady. We were, thus, able to make Christmas a happy occasion for sixteen people through the Family Service.

Our class colors are gold and white.

VIII FORM ACTIVITIES

ON a Saturday afternoon just before Hallowe'en the VIII form gave a party to the sevenths in Progress Club. We went about three o'clock. We were entertained with games of different sorts and also with dancing. Everyone was given a white and gold bow, the seventh form colors, to pin on her dress. In the middle of the afternoon we ate the lunches which were provided by the eighths. This party was greatly enjoyed by all.

This year the eighths have attended class spreads the first Saturday in every month at the homes of different girls.

AGNES SHEDD

1927's 1923-1924

I should like to begin by describing our basket ball game with the juniors, because that is the first important thing about our class that comes into my mind. But you will find an account of it in the sport news. After the game we settled down to normal, and started on the long road to the Christmas vacation. But the time went faster than we had thought it would, and the holidays went by with a rush, leaving only memories, and thoughts of the mid-years ahead. We had planned to provide for three families at Christmas, and we were richly rewarded by their gratitude. When we had conquered our examinations, we were rushed on to the Freshman Dance. After some persuasion, Mrs. McClure allowed us to wear street or sport clothes instead of the usual white tub frocks. We all enjoyed the dance immensely, and we hope the freshmen in the future will like it as well as we did.

So many of our activities have had to come late in the year that they will have to be remembered without a written chronicle. Our class party to the juniors, and our class bazaar, are still to come. We know that after the commencement exercises we will sigh because we'll never be freshmen at C. S. G. again.

MARION JAEGER, 1927

THE SOPHOMORE TEA-DANCE

THE sophomores decided to have their sale in the form of a tea-dance, this year. It was planned for Friday, April fourth — the first Friday after the spring vacation. Ruth Willoughby was appointed general manager of the affair. Plans for the sale were discussed in several class meetings, but as nothing was settled in the group, it was decided to "let George do it"; in other words, the entertainment committee.

The last period of the Great Day was spent by the sophomores in furnishing the Progress Club with card tables. Finally two-thirty came and the party was on. At the door, adults were charged twenty-five cents, and children, fifteen cents. But once inside dancing was free. Just think of the bargain! Music was furnished by the five-piece (counting the kazoo) sophomore orchestra. Small tables were set around the walls, and ice cream with chocolate sauce, cake, candy and popcorn were served on payment of the right sum. Madame Wanda, the famous Italian fortune teller, had been persuaded to come, also, though in coming, she disappointed all the crowned heads of Europe. She charged the very modest fee of ten cents a sitting. In the middle of the afternoon when

everyone was dancing, the music suddenly began to sound queer. Then the musician at the piano stopped playing, and all the others, finding their support gone, stopped too. They rose and looked into the piano, the top of which was lifted. Then they started laughing. Someone got a cardboard spoon and scraped ice cream from the works. It was impossible to get all of it out, however, and when the music started again, it sounded different on the higher keys. The pianist was solemnly advised not to place any more ice cream on top of an open piano. ANNE BROWN, 1926

THE SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PARTY

ANYONE peeping in at the windows of Bryden Hall on a certain Saturday morning in December would have seen a strange sight. A group of girls were kneeling on the floor cutting crepe paper into strips. Girls perched on stepladders hung crepe paper from the ceiling, and other girls, in various positions on the stage, lazily watched the others work. The noise of scissors and hammers resounded nearly all day, but by late afternoon everything was ready.

That evening the guests arrived at seven-thirty, and everyone danced in Parsons Place for a short time. The music was furnished by the famous sophomore orchestra. At eight o'clock everyone went down to Bryden Hall. The hall was decorated with the senior colors. When the audience was seated, Dorothy Schueller announced the play. It was entitled, *The Knave of Hearts*, and the cast was as follows:

King of Hearts	Elise Hoster	Prime Minister	Mary Jeffrey
Queen of Hearts	Isabel Smith	First Cook	Grace Chapman
Knave of Hearts	Florence Parker	Second Cook	Anne Outhwaite

Pages—Anne Brown, Maxine Frank, Rhea Lu Mac Maniman, Phoebe Paine, Frances Southard, Adele Sweet.

The performance began. The play was based on the nursery rhyme, *The Queen of Hearts*. Everyone agreed that the cast was well chosen. Elise Hoster, in particular, was good, though all the players showed their natural talent enhanced by excellent coaching. Hardly any prompting was necessary, and only one mistake was made. When that occurred, everyone on the stage was convulsed; but we hope the audience didn't notice it. We refer to the absence of the mixing bowl from the stage setting. But altogether, the play was very successful. After the performance, refreshments were served, and we all danced until the party was over. ANNE BROWN, 1926

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

THE junior class took advantage of the athletic days at the school farm to introduce a new project into the School. This was the running of a bus line to and from the farm. The price was only twenty-five cents a round trip, and since the automobiles were furnished and driven by juniors, the proceeds were clear profit. As the price on the interurban was thirty cents, the interurban company might have cause to complain of the juniors for drawing their business away.

The juniors gave the seniors a party on March 8. They awaited their guests in the locker room, presented them with purple and gold dance programs and, escorted them upstairs. Five dances were danced before the party withdrew to Bryden Hall. This was decorated to give a cabaret effect. White crepe paper curtains pinned back with purple and gold flowers draped the windows, and tables with purple and gold

center pieces were set about the room. The guests seated themselves at the tables to enjoy the play, *Modesty*, which was charmingly given by the following cast:

Henriette.....Constance Smith
Albert.....Mary Keim
Jacques.....Virginia Colgan

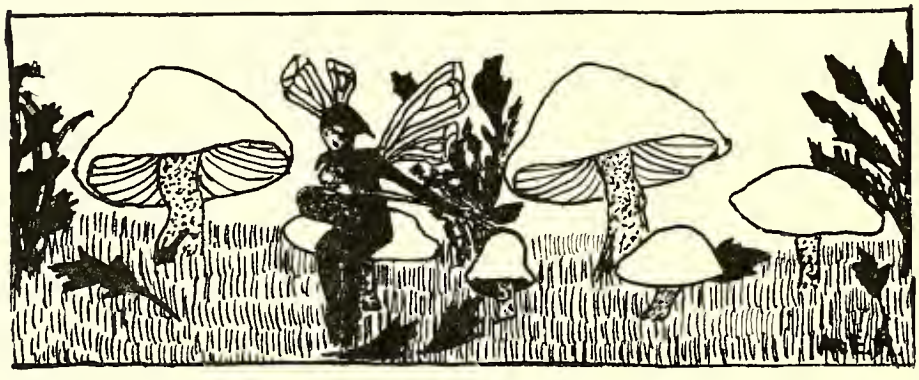
Refreshments of fruit salad, sandwiches, and cocoa followed. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing at Parsons Place. On March 20, the play given at the party, was repeated with success.

An attractive way to replenish the class treasury was the lollipop sale given March 17. Eager juniors visited every store in town and bought them out — of lollipops. Numbers of these were temptingly dressed up to inveigle the unwary buyer into paying more for them, and succeeded in doing so. Lollipop day is a new thing in the School.

The day before Thanksgiving witnessed the junior class luncheon. Mary Keim gave some delightful impersonations of the teachers which were appreciated as much by the members of the faculty as by the girls. It was on this occasion that the juniors received their school rings which are the envy of all who do not possess them.

The junior memory book, which has been years in the making, has finally been completed and is rapidly being filled up, thanks to the enthusiasm of the class.

ELEANOR THOMAS, 1925



SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

GEOMETRY

PROPOSITION XXIV

Theorem: The Class of 1924 is a *great* class
Given: Thirty-eight girls with lots of spirit
To prove: That 1924 is a *great* class

PROOF

1. The Senior Class first distinguished itself by receiving the much coveted basket ball cup, a token of complete victory over the School. We must admit that we were a bit anxious about the whole affair — for the juniors looked entirely too good. But the game ended just as if made to order by the Senior Class, and the silver cup, in all its glory, stands on the shelf, decorated with a gay purple bow.

2. The Senior Class, brimming with pep, decided that a Hallowe'en party at the School farm would be the next event; and Miss Hatheway, Miss Williams, and Miss Holmes promised to join in the fun. Accordingly, in the dead of night, we assembled in the barn for a rousing good time. There were many varieties of entertainment. A charming play was presented by the Lodgers, and several talented girls performed for our pleasure. Bridge and dancing followed; and then everyone gathered round for cider, doughnuts, and juicy apples. Some day, we'll be able to tell our grandchildren about the good times we used to have in the old barn — and so forth.

3. A party to the juniors was our next excitement. Gay posters announced the coming event: all was expectancy — for this was to be our last party, and it must be worthy of the class. At last the evening came. Each junior had a program and a partner. The most important event of our party was a play called *The Diabolical Circle*, which Miss Holland so kindly coached for us. Margaret Gumble made a charming heroine, and Elizabeth Rasor was the very dashing hero. Isabel Stafford, with great ability, portrayed the New England father, and Gertrude McPherson played the villain. Since no party is a *real* party without food, delicious refreshments were served, and our last party ended with dancing and songs and cheers.

4. Last but not least of our important activities was the far-famed senior ten-cent day. We wore the teachers' gowns, and taught the classes — ten cents each. We gave a bazaar with a novelty booth, a fish pond,

dancing, ice cream and cake counter, and a play, a parody on the teachers. We had a prancing steed in the garden, and one could ride him, not once, but twice, round the driveway for only ten cents! We sold our senior privileges, going in the front door, sitting in the front row in chapel, going first in the luncheon line, and wearing our school rings — ten cents each, of course. The girls and teachers co-operated beautifully in making our efforts a success, and we surely appreciate it. Our proceeds were about $130.00, and we feel very, very proud and very, very rich.

5. Rumor hath it that a faculty tea is soon to be given by the seniors — but that would be telling secrets.

All the above activities are true.

It is concluded that 1924 *is* a great class.

Q. E. D.

We, the members of the Senior Class, here highly resolve that we shall adopt the following ideals as our standard, and recommend that these be adopted by the members of the other classes.

First: *Honesty,* which demands that a girl be truthful; that she accept deserved blame; that she despise thieving; that she reject gossip.

Second: *Trustworthiness,* which demands that a girl have a sense of responsibility; that she keep her word; that she can be trusted without supervision.

Third: *Loyalty,* which demands that a girl discourage knocking; that she encourage criticism which purports to improve; that she promotes school spirit.

Fourth: *Fellowship,* which demands that a girl value friendship; that she recognize and extol the good qualities of others; that she be tactful and kind regarding other people's faults; that she avoid snobbishness.

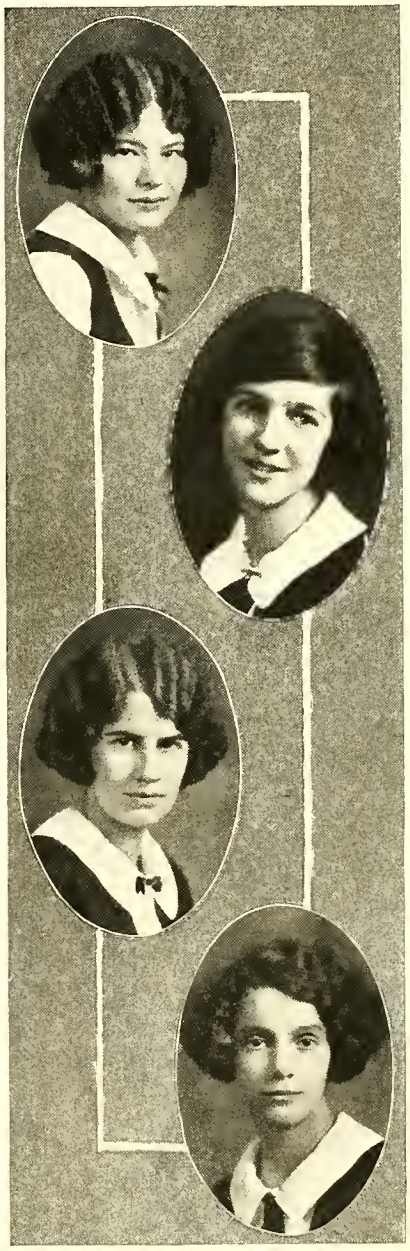
Fifth: *Courtesy,* which demands that a girl's actions be prompted by an unconscious kindness of heart, rather than by mere social forms; that she have deference to elders; that she be helpful to those younger and weaker than she.

Sixth: *Pride in the Appearance of School,* which demands that a girl keep lockers in order; that she be neat in personal appearance; that she pick up waste papers; that she discourage crowding in halls; that she be helpful to visitors.

A PERFECT SENIOR

Hair—Margaret Gumble
Complexion—Jeanne Phillips
Eyebrows—Ann McLaughlin
Eyelashes—Dorothy Jones
Eyes—Ann Lindenberg
Nose—Mary Sackett
Cheeks—Ruth Hyde
Mouth—Elizabeth Rasor
Teeth—Louise Yeazell
Chin—Elizabeth Perry
Neck—Lillian Pharis
Hands—Gail DeHart
Figure—Virginia Pletcher
Ankles—Elizabeth Hommon
Voice—Ruth Heer
Dimples—Caroline Simpler
Poise—Verona Harman
Friendliness—Lois Cottrell
Scholarship—Elene Basch
Sisterly Love—Dorothy Levy
Kathryn Levy

Calmness—Adelaide Black
Clothes—Helen Blair
Vocabulary—Margaret McConnell
Pep—Hazel McLeod
Sportsmanship—Martha Brunt
Artistic ability—Anne Kilbourne
Imagination—Anna Morris
Geniality—Julia Newton
Horsemanship—Virginia Shedd
Musical talent—Elizabeth Southard
Knowledge of books—Isabel Stafford
Singing ability—Julia Tuller
Dancing ability—Louise Weissenbach
Business ability—Katherine Goodman
Versatility—Gertrude McPherson
Reliability—Jean McCampbell
Personality—Frances Romer



Let's play base-ball
Frances Louise Romer

FRANCES LOUISE ROMER—*"Ip"*

She was the foremost of them all.

Class President, 1923
Vice-President Girls' Council, 1923
Class President, 1924
President Girls' Council, 1924
School Dramatic Club
Red Team Hockey

H'Lois!
Love. Sandy

GERTRUDE MAY MCPHERSON—*"Sandy"*

I have a friend; a kinder friend hath no man.

Class President, 1921
Class Secretary, 1923
Class Vice-President, 1924
Basket Ball Captain, 1922
Basket Ball, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924
School Dramatic Club
Red Team Basket Ball

RUTH VIRGINIA HEER

The melting voice through mazes running.

Class Secretary, 1922
Class Secretary, 1924

Ruth Virginia Heer -
"Virgil" - Hot Dog!

ELENE ROSALIE BASCH

A lass of undoubted genius and most unusual learning.

Red Team Hockey

Elene Basch
I'll miss you, ol' dear -
and your feet, too!

ADELAIDE VANVOORHIS BLACK
Pleasing without skill to please.
Lodge Dramatic Club

HELEN CELESTIA BLAIR
Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.

MARTHA HELEN BRUNT
A good sort and a good sport.
Basket Ball, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924
Red Team Basket Ball
Red Team Hockey
Sport Editor of Top-Knot, 1924

LOIS ELEANOR COTTRELL
A face with gladness overspread.
Basket Ball, 1922, 1924
Assistant Senior Librarian

Just try and catch 'em Gail

KATHRYN ABIGAIL DEHART—*"Gail"*

~~*La belle dame* sans *merci.*~~

Red Team Basket Ball
Basket Ball, 1921, 1923, 1924
Basket Ball Captain, 1923
Lodge Dramatic Club
School Dramatic Club

KATHERINE GOODMAN—*"Kay"*

Why worry? The world's a good place.

Basket Ball, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924
Business Manager of Top-Knot, 1924
Red Team Hockey, 1924

Hello-ooooo Sous
(Kay)

MARGARET GUMBLE—*"Marg"*

The Hand that made you fair, made you good.

Basket Ball, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924
Basket Ball Captain, 1921
Red Team Captain, 1924
Red Team Basket Ball
Red Team Hockey

"Marg" Gumble—
Here's to our "red" pitcher!

VERONA HARMAN—*"Veronie"*

A perfect woman — nobly planned.

ELIZABETH RINEHART HOMMON—*"Liz"*
She's equal to any task.

"Liz" Hommon - Easter

RUTH KELLER HYDE
None but herself could be her parallel.

"Doc" Hyde - may the most you wish for - be the least you get"

DOROTHY ELIZABETH JONES—*"D. J."*
Dark hair, shiny eyes,
Merry humor, she's a prize.
Basket Ball, 1921
Cheer Leader, 1924
Red Team Hockey, 1924

Dottie.
Are you going to Sunday school boy?

ANNE KILBOURNE—*"Fat"*
Sober, steadfast, and demure.
Art Editor of Top-Knot, 1924
Red Team Hockey, 1924

Anne Kilbourne - I'll meet you where the battle rages.

DOROTHY MAY LEVY—*"Twinnie"*
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
School Dramatic Club
Basket Ball, 1923

KATHRYN LOUISE LEVY—*"Twinnie"*
Seeing one, you think of the other.
Basket Ball, 1922, 1923, 1924
Red Team Hockey, 1924

ANN TOWNSEND LINDENBERG
A true friend acts rather than speaks.

JEAN KATHARINE MCCAMPBELL
Ae smile o' her wad banish care
Sae charming is my Jean.
Class Vice-President, 1923
Secretary Girls' Council, 1923
Basket Ball, 1923
Editor-in-Chief of Top-Knot, 1924
President School Dramatic Club 1924

MARGARET MCCONNELL—*"Chic"*
Let my due feet never fail to walk
The studious cloisters pale.

ANNE MCLAUGHLIN
She has the touch of an artist.

ANNA HENRIETTA MORRIS
Give me liberty or give me death.

HAZEL MCLEOD—*"Hay"*
I am little but I am I.

JULIA WOODBRIDGE NEWTON—*"Fig"*
Either I will find a way or make one.
Assistant Editor of Sports, 1923
Red Team Cheer Leader, 1924
Lodge Dramatic Club

ELIZABETH STONEY PERRY
A simple maiden, void of art.
Merry Roundelay Club
Chairman of O. K. Committee, 1924

LILLIAN PHARIS
Sweet girl graduate with her golden hair.

JEANNE BRADFORD PHILLIPS
If ignorance is bliss,
Then she is in misery.
School Dramatic Club
Top-Knot Staff, 1922, 1923
Philanthropic Committee, 1924

VIRGINIA LELAND PLETCHER—*"Ginny"*

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Lodge Dramatic Club
President Lodge Dramatic Club 1924
Lodge Council, 1922, 1923
President Lodge Council, 1924
School Dramatic Club

ALICE ELIZABETH RASOR—*"Liz"*

Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.

School Dramatic Club
President Dramatic Club, 1923

MARY FRANCES SACKETT

Long, lean, and likeable.

Basket Ball, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924
Basket Ball Captain, 1924
Class Vice-President, 1921
Joke Editor of Top-Knot, 1924

VIRGINIA SHEDD—*"Sip"*

Good sense, which is only the gift of heaven.

Class Secretary, 1921
Assistant Editor of Top-Knot, 1923
Literary Editor of Top-Knot, 1924
Tennis Champion, 1923

CAROLINE SIMPLER—*"Hardy"*

A maiden never bold, of spirit still and gentle.

Caroline Simpler

ELIZABETH LILLIAN SOUTHARD

Hence, vain deluding joys!

Orchestra, 1923, 1924

ISABEL REDMOND STAFFORD—*"Cheese Cake"*

You've in you the makings of a great woman.

School Dramatic Club
Top-Knot Staff, 1923
Literary Editor, 1924
Philanthropic Committee, 1923
Senior Librarian, 1924

JULIA ELIZABETH TULLER

Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

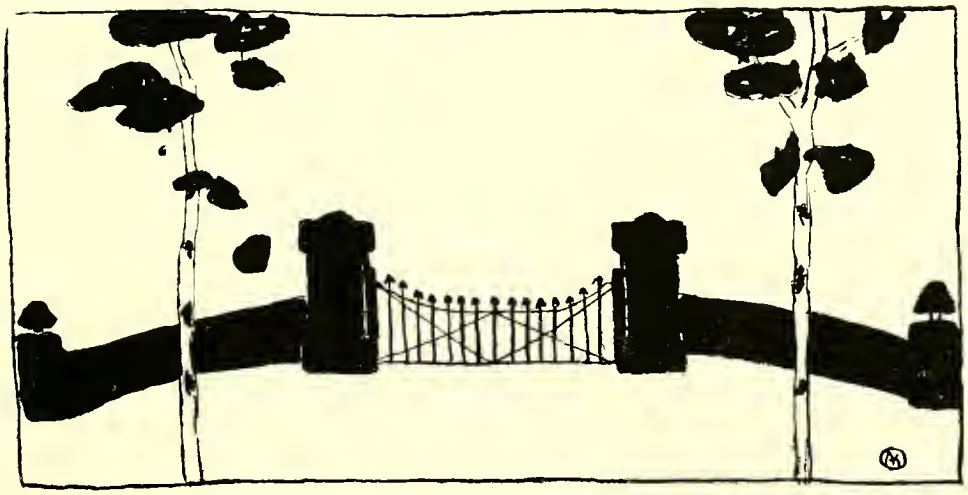
President of Merry Roundelay Club, 1924

Louise - Did you ever see such a picture

ANNA LOUISE WEISSENBACH
On with the dance!

LOUISE AKIN YEAZELL
There is a healthy hardiness about real dignity.

Louise Yeazell



Autographs

[illegible]

Selma Zugor '25

Jean Esther Butcher '27

Sara McElroy '25 [illegible] Ohio.

Jane Shepard "27"

Dorothy Foaster '27 - "Fanny" "she always" "Pats"

Margaret Bolb '27 "Migs" "Migno" "Juno"

Ruth E. Weinman "25 (Snops?)

Elizabeth Landau '25

Bernardine [illegible] Meyers "2[illegible]" (Jerry) [illegible]

Autographs

Mary E. Holland

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of the
Class of 1925

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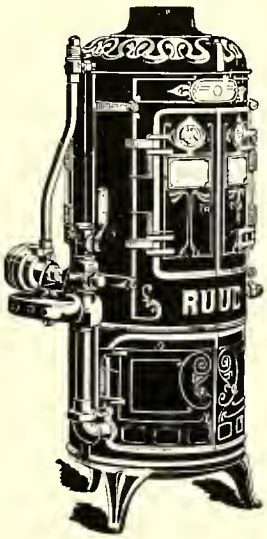

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